DEC.
NO. 9
MASTER
COMICS
Combined With
SLAM-BANG
COMICS
10¢
Starring
BULLETMAN

SUPER PRIZES

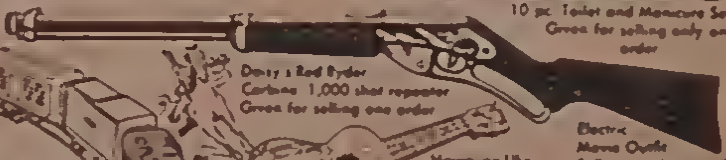
CHOOSE YOURS NOW!

SUPERMAN'S HYPNO-RAY GUN

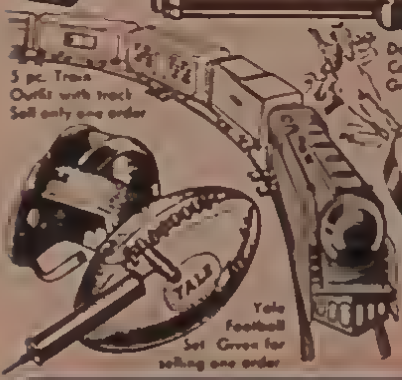
Shows SUPERMAN in action. Given for selling one order

Boys', Girls', Men's and Women's Wrist Watches
Given for selling only one order

10 pc. Toilet and Manicure Set
Given for selling only one order

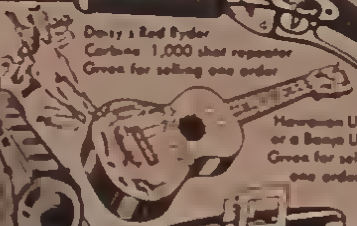


Daisy's Red Ryder Carbine. 1,000 shot repeater
Given for selling one order



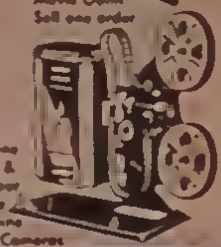
5 pc. Train Outfit with track
Sell only one order

Yale Football Set
Given for selling one order



Hawaiian Uke or a Banjo Uke
Given for selling one order

Sell one order & get your choice of genuine EASTMAN Camera



Electric Movie Outfit
Sell one order

BOYS! GIRLS! *Here are Super Prizes for You—*

or fine gifts for Mother and Dad. They're yours without a cent of cost.

IT'S EASY! Do like thousands of others have done—get any prize here, or your choice from many others in our Big Prize Sheet for selling only 40 Christmas Packs at 10c each. Each pack contains 16 sparkling Xmas cards in brilliant colors—a bargain at 10c! When sold return the money and choose your prize. It is sent AT ONCE.

Send coupon today for Xmas Packs and Big Prize Sheet showing over 40 prizes to choose from. **SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU.**

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 612, LANCASTER, PA.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 612, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money and get my prize.

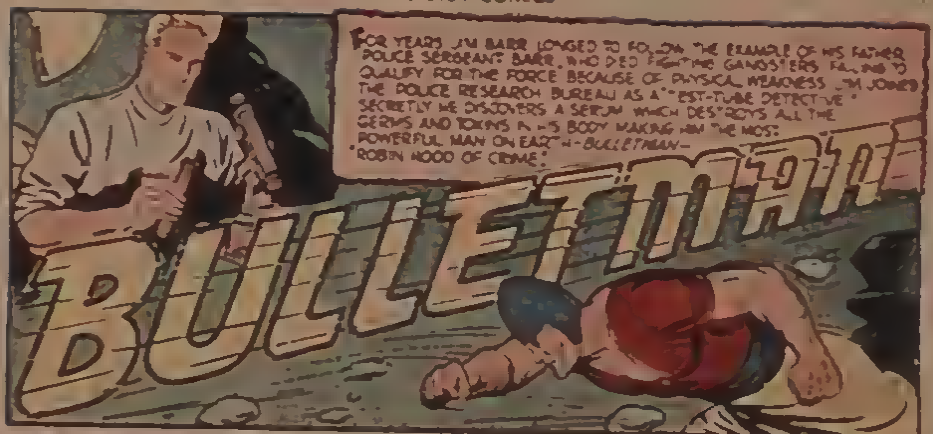
My choice of prize is _____

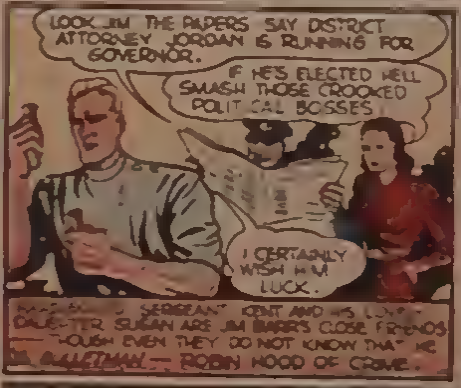
Name _____

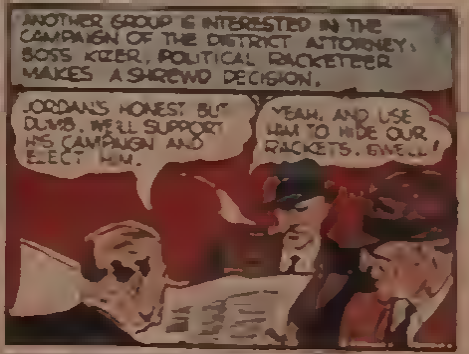
Street Address or R F D _____

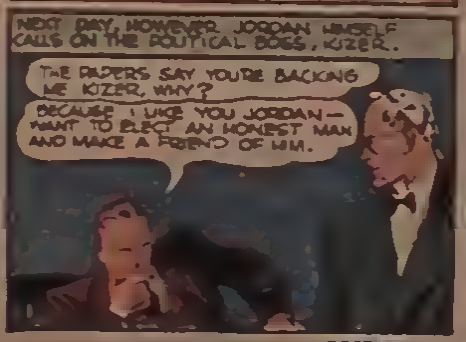
City _____

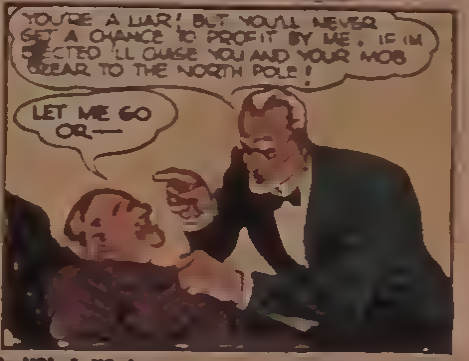
State _____


FOR YEARS JIM BARR LONGED TO FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF HIS FATHER, POLICE SERGEANT BARR, WHO DIED FROM THE GANGSTERS' FALLING TO QUALIFY FOR THE FORCE BECAUSE OF PHYSICAL WEAKNESS. JIM JONES THE POLICE RESEARCH BUREAU AS A "TEST-TUBE DETECTIVE." SECRETLY HE DISCOVERS A SERUM WHICH DESTROYS ALL THE GERMS AND TOXINS IN HIS BODY MAKING HIM THE MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH—BULLETMAN—ROBIN HOOD OF CRIME!
BULLETMAN


LOOK, JIM THE PAPERS SAY DISTRICT ATTORNEY JORDAN IS RUNNING FOR GOVERNOR.
IF HE'S ELECTED HE'LL SMASH THOSE CROOKED POLITICAL BOSSES!
I CERTAINLY WISH HIM LUCK.
SERGEANT KENT AND HIS LOVELY DAUGHTER SUSAN ARE JIM BARR'S CLOSE FRIENDS — THOUGH EVEN THEY DO NOT KNOW THAT HE IS BULLETMAN — ROBIN HOOD OF CRIME.


ANOTHER GROUP IS INTERESTED IN THE CAMPAIGN OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY; BOSS KIZER, POLITICAL RACKETEER MAKES A SHREWD DECISION.
JORDAN'S HONEST BUT DUMB. WE'LL SUPPORT HIS CAMPAIGN AND ELECT HIM.
YEAH, AND USE HIM TO HIDE OUR RACKETS. SWELL!

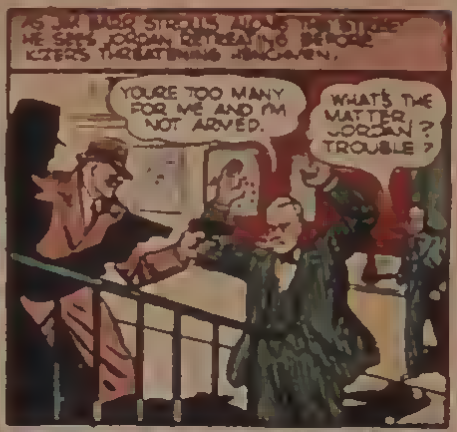

NEXT DAY, HOWEVER, JORDAN HIMSELF CALLS ON THE POLITICAL BOSS, KIZER.
THE PAPERS SAY YOU'RE BACKING ME KIZER, WHY?
BECAUSE I LIKE YOU JORDAN — WANT TO ELECT AN HONEST MAN AND MAKE A FRIEND OF HIM.


YOU'RE A LIAR! BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE TO PROFIT BY ME. IF I'M ELECTED I'LL CHASE YOU AND YOUR MOB CLEAR TO THE NORTH POLE!
LET ME GO OR—

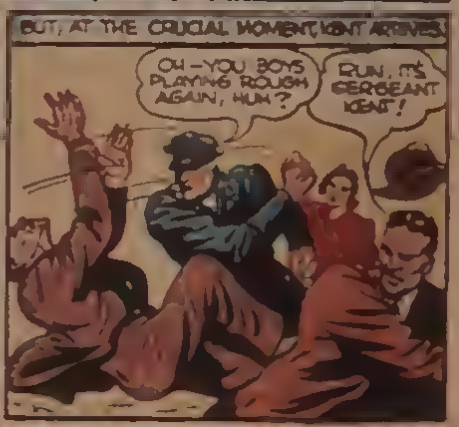
DECEMBER, 1940 VOL. 2, NO 1

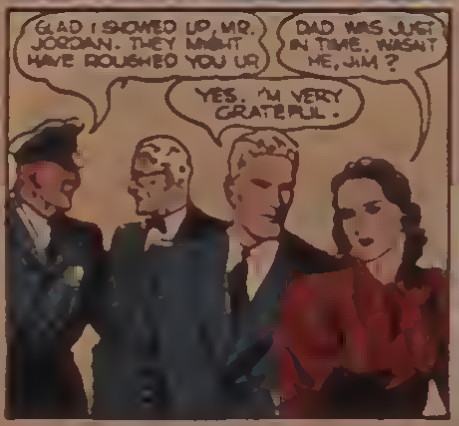
MASTER COMICS is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., at 1501 [illegible] Louisville, Ky. [illegible] Fawcett, [illegible] and Art Director. Entered as second-class matter January 18, 1940, at the post office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879. Office. Copyright 1940 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Beginning to whole or part forbidden except by permission of the publishers. Canadian subscriptions not accepted. Single issues 10c. Editorial offices: 1501 Broadway, New York City. Advertising offices: 1501 Broadway, Chicago, 360 North Michigan Ave., Los Angeles, Pacific-Southwest Building, San Francisco, Russ Building. General offices, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ALL RIGHT I'LL LET YOU GO — AND I'LL LET THIS PUNCH GO, TOO!
HELP! BOYS! GIVE THIS FOO— THE WORKS!

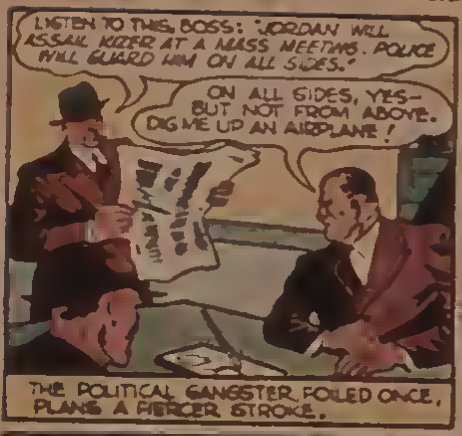

AS JIM BARR STROLLS ALONG THE DECK HE SEES JORDAN RETREATING BEFORE KIZER'S THREATENING ONSLAUGHT.
YOU'RE TOO MANY FOR ME AND I'M NOT ARMED.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, JORDAN? TROUBLE?

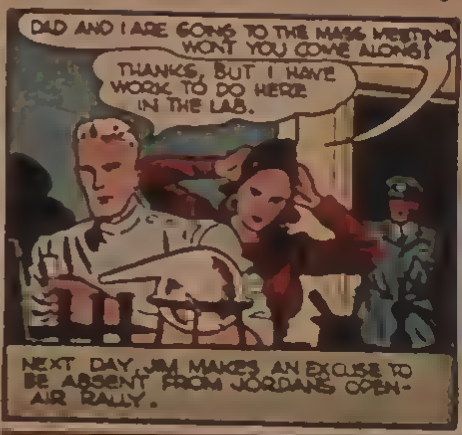
HEY, THAT'S JIM BARR— HE'S A COP!
YEAH, A SISSY FROM THE LABORATORIES. LET'S GET HIM, TOO!


BUT, AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT, KENT ARRIVES.
OH—YOU BOYS PLAYING ROUGH AGAIN, HUH?
RUN, IT'S SERGEANT KENT!

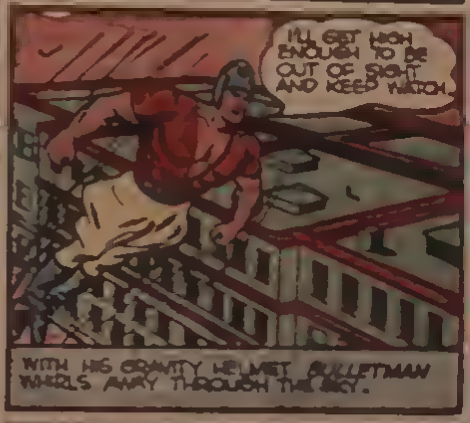

GLAD I SHOWED UP, MR. JORDAN. THEY MIGHT HAVE ROUGHED YOU UP.
DAD WAS JUST IN TIME, WASN'T HE, JIM?
YES, I'M VERY GRATEFUL.

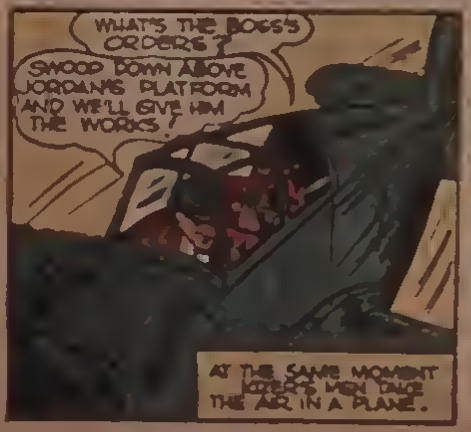
I'LL EXPOSE KIZER'S METHODS AT MY BIG OPEN-AIR MASS MEETING TOMORROW.
WE'LL GIVE YOU GOOD POLICE PROTECTION, SIR.

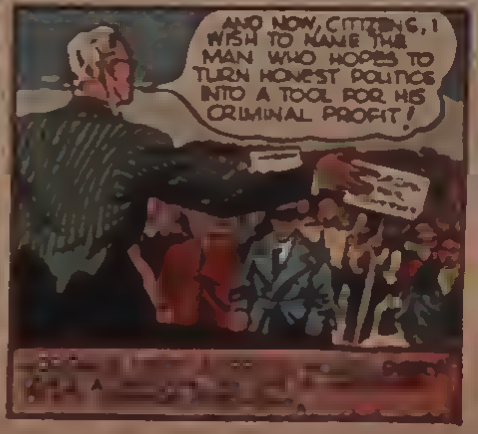

LISTEN TO THIS, BOSS: "JORDAN WILL ASSAIL KIZER AT A MASS MEETING. POLICE WILL GUARD HIM ON ALL SIDES."
ON ALL SIDES, YES— BUT NOT FROM ABOVE. DIG ME UP AN AIRPLANE!
THE POLITICAL GANGSTER, FOILED ONCE, PLANS A FIERCER STROKE.


DAD AND I ARE GOING TO THE MASS MEETING. WON'T YOU COME ALONG?
THANKS, BUT I HAVE WORK TO DO HERE IN THE LAB.
NEXT DAY, JIM MAKES AN EXCUSE TO BE ABSENT FROM JORDAN'S OPEN-AIR RALLY.

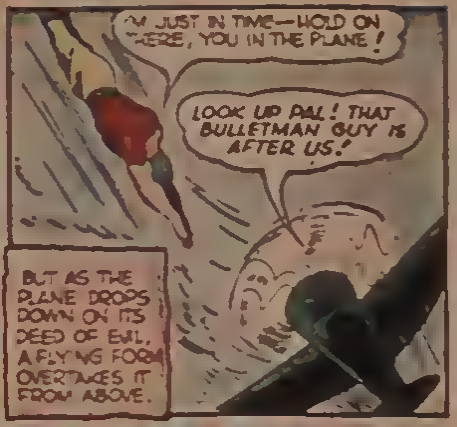
ALONE, JIM DONS A CURIOUS COSTUME— HIS BODY SEEMS TO EXPAND!
MAYBE BULLETMAN CAN BE OF HELP IF KIZER TRIES ANY FANCY STUFF.


I'LL GET HIGH ENOUGH TO BE OUT OF SIGHT AND KEEP WATCH.
WITH HIS GRAVITY HELMET, BULLETMAN WHEELS AWAY THROUGH THE SKY.

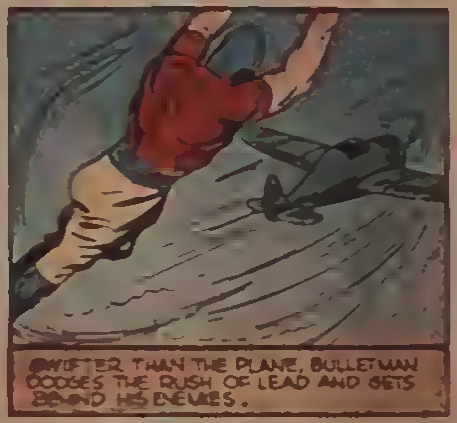

WHAT'S THE BOSS'S ORDERS?
SWOOP DOWN ABOVE JORDAN'S PLATFORM AND WE'LL GIVE HIM THE WORKS!
AT THE SAME MOMENT KIZER'S MEN TAKE THE AIR IN A PLANE.


AND NOW, CITIZENS, I WISH TO NAME THE MAN WHO HOPES TO TURN HONEST POLITICS INTO A TOOL FOR HIS CRIMINAL PROFIT!

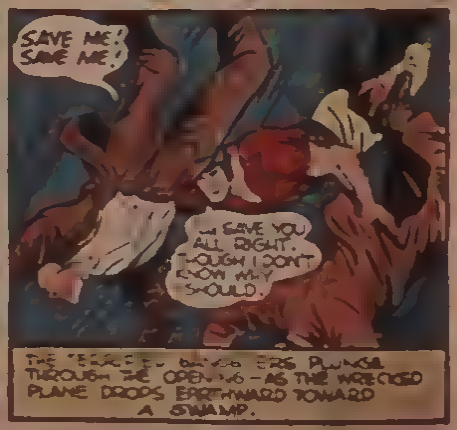
— HE HAS THREATENED MY LIFE, THINKS I FEAR TO DRAG HIM INTO THE OPEN, BUT —
THAT'S JORDAN'S SPEECH ON THE RADIO. HE'S ABOUT TO MENTION THE BOSS BY NAME — LET'S GET HIM!


I'M JUST IN TIME — HOLD ON THERE, YOU IN THE PLANE!
LOOK UP PAL! THAT BULLETMAN GUY IS AFTER US!
BUT AS THE PLANE DROPS DOWN ON ITS DEED OF EVIL, A FLYING FORM OVERTAKES IT FROM ABOVE.

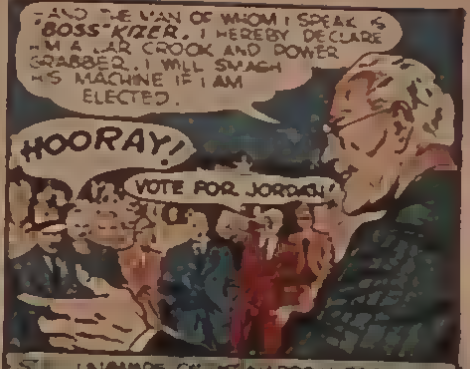
IF I DIDN'T SEE HIM — I'D NEVER BELIEVE —
SHUT UP AND GIVE HIM A BLAST WITH THAT CHOPPER!


SWIFTER THAN THE PLANE, BULLETMAN DODGES THE RUSH OF LEAD AND GETS BEHIND HIS ENEMIES.

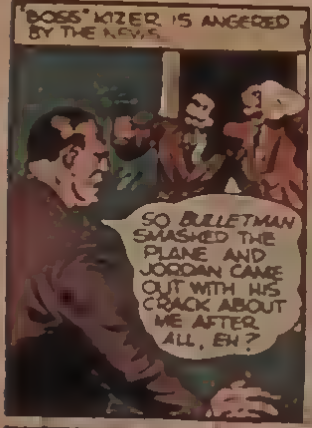
HEY!
HERE'S WHERE THE BOTTOM DROPS OUT OF THINGS FOR YOU BOYS
R-RIP
UNDER-COVERING

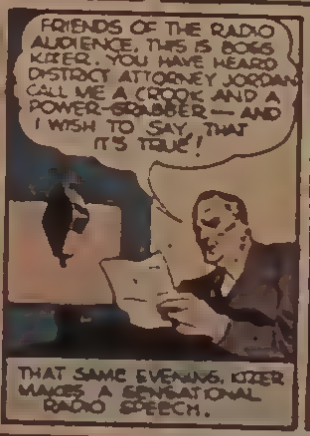

SAVE ME! SAVE ME!
I'LL SAVE YOU ALL RIGHT. THOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHY I SHOULD.
THE [illegible] PLUNGES THROUGH THE OPENING — AS THE WRECKED PLANE DROPS EARTHWARD TOWARD A SWAMP.

A NEARBY WATER TOWER IS UTILIZED BY BULLETMAN.

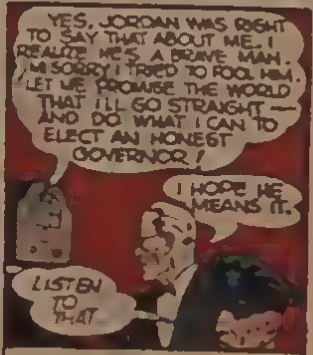

AND THE MAN OF WHOM I SPEAK IS "BOSS" KIZER. I HEREBY DECLARE HIM A LIAR CROOK AND POWER GRABBER. I WILL SMASH HIS MACHINE IF I AM ELECTED.
HOORAY!
VOTE FOR JORDAN!

STILL UNAWARE OF HIS NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH, DISTRICT ATTORNEY JORDAN REACHES THE HIGH POINT OF HIS SPEECH.

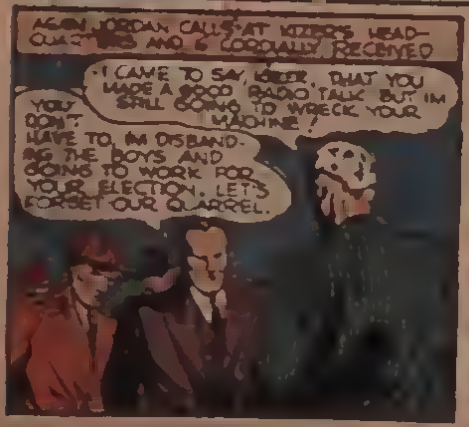


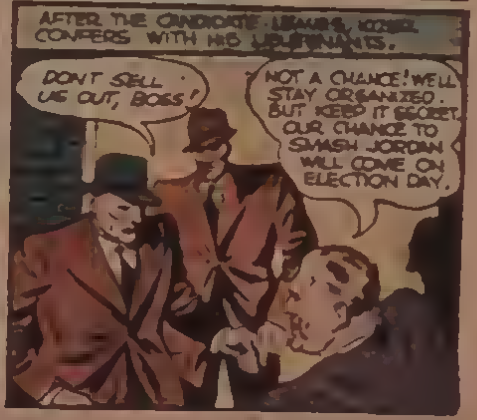

FRIENDS OF THE RADIO AUDIENCE, THIS IS BOSS KIZER. YOU HAVE HEARD DISTRICT ATTORNEY JORDAN CALL ME A CROOK AND A POWER-GRABBER — AND I WISH TO SAY, THAT IT'S TRUE!

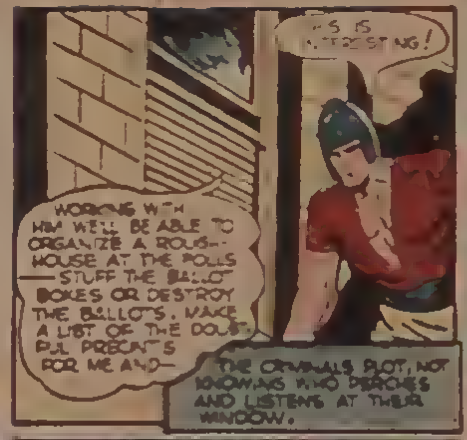
THAT SAME EVENING, KIZER MAKES A SENSATIONAL RADIO SPEECH.


YES, JORDAN WAS RIGHT TO SAY THAT ABOUT ME. I REALIZE HE'S A BRAVE MAN. I'M SORRY I TRIED TO FOOL HIM. LET ME PROMISE THE WORLD THAT I'LL GO STRAIGHT — AND DO WHAT I CAN TO ELECT AN HONEST GOVERNOR!
I HOPE HE MEANS IT.
LISTEN TO THAT.

JORDAN, WITH KENT, HEARS THE RADIO SPEECH OF THE "BOSS."


AGAIN JORDAN CALLS AT KIZER'S HEADQUARTERS AND IS CORDIALLY RECEIVED
I CAME TO SAY, KIZER, THAT YOU MADE A GOOD RADIO TALK BUT I'M STILL GOING TO WRECK YOUR MACHINE!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO, I'M DISBANDING THE BOYS AND GOING TO WORK FOR YOUR ELECTION. LET'S FORGET OUR QUARREL.


AFTER THE CANDIDATE LEAVES, KIZER CONFERS WITH HIS LIEUTENANTS.
DON'T SELL US OUT, BOSS!
NOT A CHANCE! WE'LL STAY ORGANIZED. BUT KEEP IT SECRET. OUR CHANCE TO SMASH JORDAN WILL COME ON ELECTION DAY.

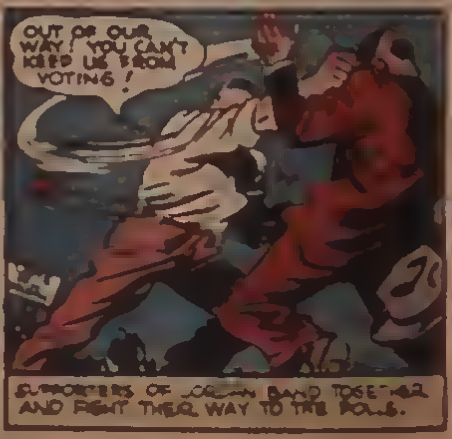

THIS IS INTERESTING!
WORKING WITH HIM WE'LL BE ABLE TO ORGANIZE A ROUGH-HOUSE AT THE POLLS — STUFF THE BALLOT BOXES OR DESTROY THE BALLOTS, MAKE A LIST OF THE DOUBTFUL PRECINCTS FOR ME AND—
THE CRIMINALS PLOT, NOT KNOWING WHO PEERCHES AND LISTENS AT THEIR WINDOW.

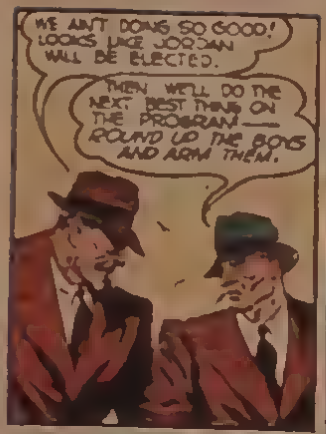
THE POLLS ARE OPEN!
VOTE HERE
ELECTION DAY DAWNS. PEOPLE CROWD TO THE POLLS.

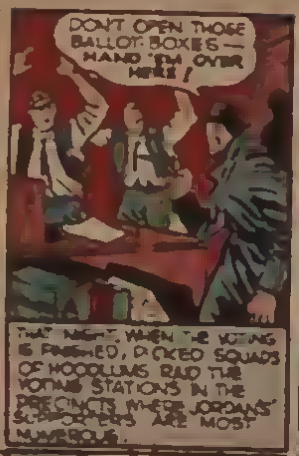
ABOVE THE CAPITOL FLIES A BLIMP.

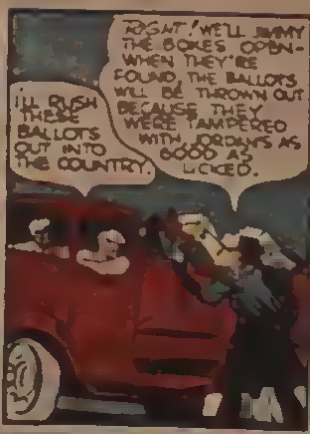
WE'RE WRECKING JORDAN'S CAMPAIGN TODAY TAGGART, YOU'LL BE ELECTED, SURE!
I'LL SHOW MY GRATITUDE LATER, MR. KIZER.
BUT INSIDE THE GONDOLA, KIZER, MAKES A DEAL WITH JORDAN'S POLITICAL OPPONENT.

NOBODY HAD BETTER BOTHER ME—I'M VOTING FOR JORDAN!
LISTEN BUDDY, YOU AREN'T VOTING FOR THIS MUG JORDAN.
TO VOTING BOOTHS
WHY BE—


OUT OF OUR WAY! YOU CAN'T KEEP US FROM VOTING!
SUPPORTERS OF JORDAN BAND TOGETHER AND FIGHT THEIR WAY TO THE POLLS.


WE AIN'T DOING SO GOOD! LOOKS LIKE JORDAN WILL BE ELECTED.
THEN WE'LL DO THE NEXT BEST THING ON THE PROGRAM — ROUND UP THE BOYS AND ARM THEM.

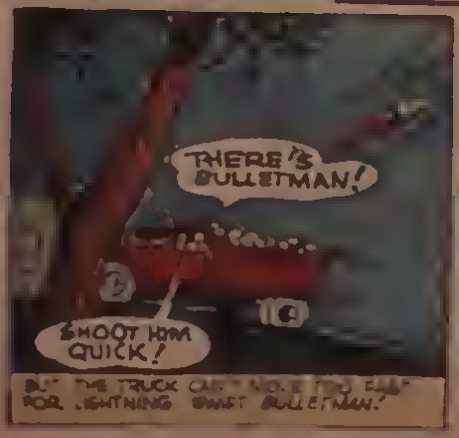

DON'T OPEN THOSE BALLOT BOXES — HAND 'EM OVER HERE!
THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE VOTING IS FINISHED, PICKED SQUADS OF HOODLUMS RAID THE VOTING STATIONS IN THE PRECINCTS WHERE JORDANS' SUPPORTERS ARE MOST NUMEROUS.


RIGHT! WE'LL WAIT TILL THE BOXES OPEN— WHEN THEY'RE FOUND, THE BALLOTS WILL BE THROWN OUT BECAUSE THEY WERE TAMPERED WITH. JORDAN'S AS GOOD AS LICKED.
I'LL RUSH THESE BALLOTS OUT INTO THE COUNTRY.

HURRY, DAD! THE ELECTION STATIONS ARE BEING RAIDED!
I'LL GET AFTER THAT! JIM STAY HERE AND TAKE CHARGE.
SERGEANT KENT HURRIES TO STOP THE RAIDING —

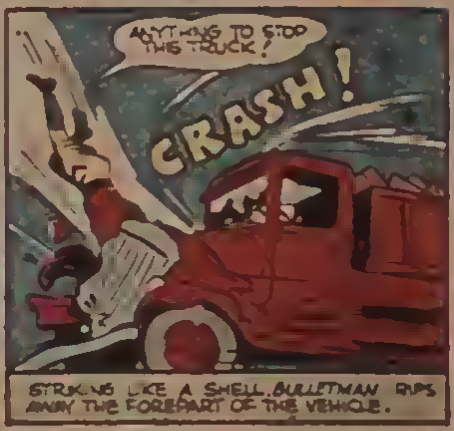
TOO LATE, COPPER! THESE BALLOTS ARE OUT OF YOUR REACH
— BUT AS THE TRUCK WITH ITS VALUABLE LOAD DISAPPEARS FROM SIGHT.

I WAS PREPARED. NOW KEEFER'S GONE INTO ACTION AND I CAN EXPOSE HIM!

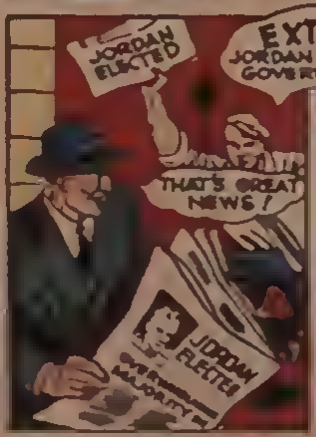

THERE IS BULLETMAN!
SHOOT HIM QUICK!
BUT THE TRUCK CAN'T MOVE TOO FAST FOR LIGHTNING SWIFT BULLETMAN!

YOU'RE TOO SLOW ON THE TRIGGER, MY FRIENDS!
BY THE TIME THE GANGSTERS CAN SHOOT — BULLETMAN IS UPON THEM.

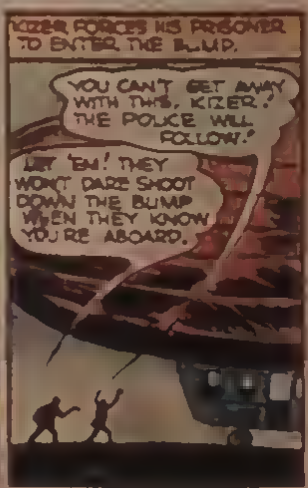
THE THUGS STRICKEN SENSELESS, BULLETMAN DIVES AFTER THE RUNAWAY TRUCK.

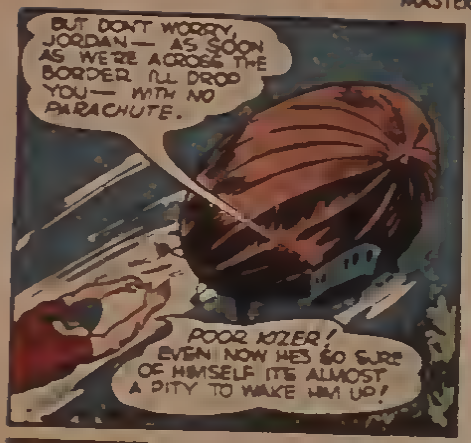


STRIKING LIKE A SHELL, BULLETMAN RIPS AWAY THE FOREPART OF THE VEHICLE.



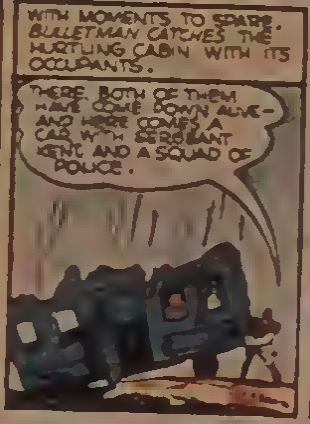
DESPERATE, KIZER CAPTURES JORDAN.

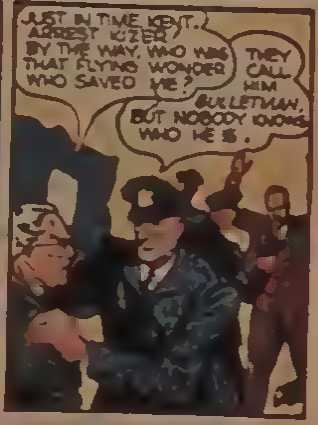

KIZER FORCES HIS PRISONER TO ENTER THE BLIMP.
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, KIZER! THE POLICE WILL FOLLOW!
LET 'EM! THEY WON'T DARE SHOOT DOWN THE BLIMP WHEN THEY KNOW YOU'RE ABOARD.

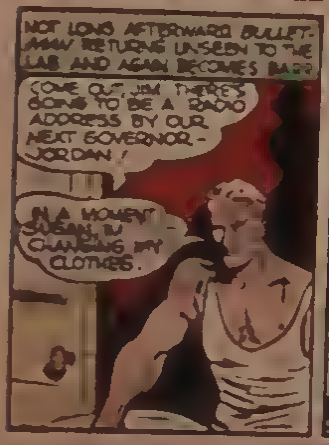

BUT DON'T WORRY, JORDAN — AS SOON AS WE'RE ACROSS THE BORDER I'LL DROP YOU — WITH NO PARACHUTE.
POOR KIZER! EVEN NOW HE'S SO SURE OF HIMSELF IT'S ALMOST A PITY TO WAKE HIM UP!

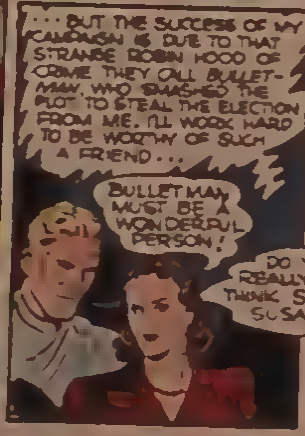
ZOOM
BUT HERE GOES!

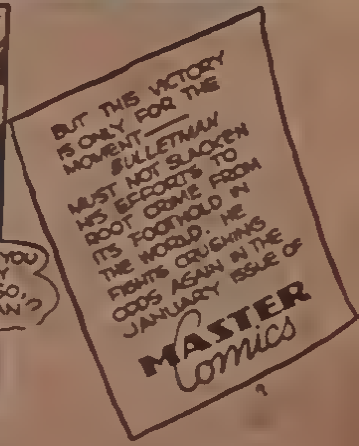
DOWN AFTER THE RELEASED GONDOLA STREAKS BULLETMAN AT ROCKET SPEED.


WITH MOMENTS TO SPARE, BULLETMAN CATCHES THE HURTLING CABIN WITH ITS OCCUPANTS.
THERE, BOTH OF THEM HAVE COME DOWN ALIVE — AND HERE COMES A CAR WITH SERGEANT KENT AND A SQUAD OF POLICE.


JUST IN TIME, KENT. ARREST KIZER! BY THE WAY, WHO WAS THAT FLYING WONDER WHO SAVED ME?
THEY CALL HIM BULLETMAN, BUT NOBODY KNOWS WHO HE IS.

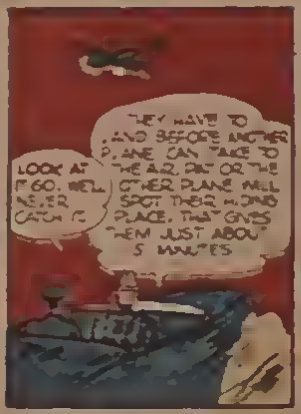

NOT LONG AFTERWARD BULLETMAN RETURNS UNSEEN TO THE LAB AND AGAIN BECOMES BARR
COME OUT, JIM, THERE'S GOING TO BE A RADIO ADDRESS BY OUR NEXT GOVERNOR — JORDAN!
IN A MOMENT, SUSAN, I'M CHANGING MY CLOTHES.

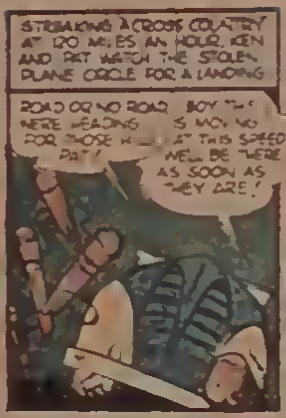

... BUT THE SUCCESS OF MY CAMPAIGN IS DUE TO THAT STRANGE ROBIN HOOD OF CRIME THEY CALL BULLETMAN, WHO SMASHED THE PLOT TO STEAL THE ELECTION FROM ME. I'LL WORK HARD TO BE WORTHY OF SUCH A FRIEND...
BULLETMAN MUST BE A WONDERFUL PERSON!
DO YOU REALLY THINK SO, SUSAN?


BUT THIS VICTORY IS ONLY FOR THE MOMENT — BULLETMAN MUST NOT SLACKEN HIS EFFORTS TO ROOT CRIME FROM ITS FOOTHOLD IN THE WORLD. HE FIGHTS ODDS AGAIN IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF
MASTER Comics

THE DEVIL'S DAGGER
MASKING HIS IDENTITY IN THE DISGUISE OF A PHANTOM KNOWN ONLY AS THE DEVIL'S DAGGER, KEN WYMAN, ACE REPORTER FOR THE CARTERVILLE DAILY BLADE, FEARLESSLY BATTLES CRIME.
WELL, CHIEF, I'M READY TO LEAVE NOW.
OKAY, WYMAN BUT KEEP ON YOUR TOES. A ROVING ASSIGNMENT MEANS PLENTY OF WORK.
KEN WYMAN, STAR REPORTER OF THE CARTERVILLE DAILY BLADE, ABOUT TO GO ON A TOUR OF THE COUNTRY, BIDS GOODBY TO CITY EDITOR BURTON.
BY THE WAY, THERE'S A REPORT THAT THE ARMY IS MAKING A SECRET TRY OUT OF A NEW BOMBING PLANE TODAY, SOMEWHERE NEAR CENTERVILLE. IF YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO BE NEAR CENTERVILLE...
I GET IT, CHIEF. CENTERVILLE WILL BE MY NEXT STOP.
FINE! LET ME HEAR FROM YOU TONIGHT. AND GOOD LUCK WYMAN!
OKAY, PAT, HOP IN AND WE'LL GET GOING.
YOU BET, MR. KEEN. I'M SURE GLAD THE FAMILY'S LETTING ME GO WITH YOU.
A SHORT WHILE LATER THE REPORTER AND PAT GLEASON THE WYMAN CHAUFFEUR AND HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND SET OUT IN THE POWERFUL SPEED GHOST.
I WONDER IF MR. H MIGHT NOT BE INTERESTED IN A NEW ARMY BOMBING PLANE?
WE OUGHT TO KNOW PRETTY SOON MR. KEEN. HERE'S CENTERVILLE AIRPORT NOW.
APPROACHING CENTERVILLE KEN ROLLS DOWN THE SPEED GHOST'S BULLETPROOF WINDOWS, MAKING ITS OCCUPANTS VISIBLE.

HALT!
"THAT MUST BE THE MYSTERY PLANE ON THE FIELD."
I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT
AT THE ENTRANCE, THEY FIND THEIR WAY BLOCKED BY ARMY GUARDS!
I'M NYMAN, OF THE CARTERVILLE DAILY BLADE.
SORRY, NO REPORTERS ALLOWED. THE FIELD IS CLOSED TO EVERYONE, EXCEPT ARMY OFFICIALS. THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU CAN GO.
BUT, MR. KEN, LOOK AT THAT PLANE OVER THERE! IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S COMING IN FOR A LANDING.
LET'S SEE WHAT'S UP TO, PAT.
A MOMENT LATER, PAT NOTICES A STRANGE PLANE APPROACHING THE AIRFIELD.
THE STRANGE SHIP SWOOPS LOW OVER THE FIELD, TWO PARACHUTISTS DIRECTLY OVER THE TERRIFIED, UNGUARDED ARMY BOMBER.
IN ANOTHER INSTANT THE PARACHUTISTS BOARD THE ARMY PLANE AND USE ITS ARMAMENT AGAINST THE SURPRISED AIRPORT GARRISON.
BEFORE THE GARRISON CAN MARSHAL ITS FORCES, THE BIG SHIP ZOOMS OFF INTO SPACE.
HOLD ON TO YOUR HAT, PAT. WE'RE GOING AFTER THAT PLANE!
LET'S GO, MR. KEN!
AND THE PLANE GOES INTO ACTION.


LOOK AT IT GO. WELL NEVER CATCH IT.
THEY HAVE TO LAND BEFORE ANOTHER PLANE CAN TAKE TO THE AIR, PAT OR THE OTHER PLANE WILL SPOT THEIR HIDING PLACE. THAT GIVES "EM JUST ABOUT 5 MINUTES


STREAKING ACROSS COUNTRY AT 120 MILES AN HOUR, KEN AND PAT WATCH THE STOLEN PLANE CIRCLE FOR A LANDING
ROAD OR NO ROAD, BOY THIS IS MOVING AT THIS SPEED WE'LL BE THERE AS SOON AS THEY ARE!

THERE IT IS! MR. KEN AND IN HALF AN HOUR IT'LL BE TOO DARK FOR ANYBODY TO FIND IT HERE. SHALL I RADIO FOR THE POLICE?
NO. WE'LL DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING FIRST. SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS IS A JOB FOR THE DEVIL'S DAGGER!

ALL RIGHT, PAT. LET'S GO!
OKAY, MR. KEN!
KEN WYMAN, STAR REPORTER, DONS THE DISGUISE OF THE DEVIL'S DAGGER, PHANTOM CHAMPION OF JUSTICE.

THEY WON'T FIND IT IN THAT BARN, I GUESS
I'LL BE SAFE UNTIL MR. H GETS HERE, ANYWAY.
THE DEVIL'S DAGGER LEARNS THAT THE THEFT OF THE BOMBER WAS ENGINEERED BY THE MASTER CRIMINAL KNOWN AS MR. H — THE MAN HE HAS SWORN TO PUT BEHIND BARS.

COME ON, PAT. LET'S GO AFTER THOSE CROOKS! WHEN MR. H COMES, THERE WILL BE JUST YOU AND ME TO GREET HIM!
OKAY, MR. KEN — THERE'S ONLY FOUR OF THEM

HEY— WHAT'S THIS!
YOU TAKE THOSE TWO, PAT I'LL HANDLE THE OTHER PAIR!
SUDDENLY LEAVING THEIR HIDING PLACE THEY LAUNCH A SWIFT ATTACK ON THE FOUR GANGSTERS.

UGH!
THAT GUN WON'T DO YOU MUCH GOOD, MY FRIEND.
WITH A TERRIFIC BLOW THE DEVIL'S DAGGER PUTS ONE OF THE GANGSTERS OUT OF THE FRAY.

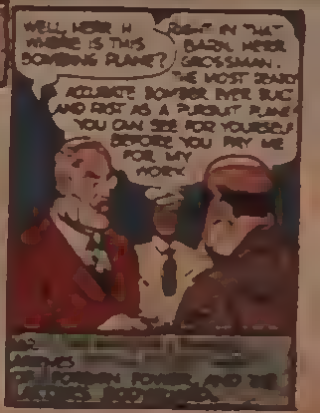
OW! YOU'RE BREAKING MY ARM!
THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA, STUPID!
CRACK!

I GIVE UP! LEMME GO, I GIVE UP!
SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING LIKE THIS, MR. KEN. I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A SECOND.
NICE WORK, PAT. WHO BETTER GET THESE PUNKS TIED UP AND OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE MR. H GETS HERE.

THE DEVIL'S DAGGER AND PAT HARRIGAN BOUND AND GAGGED THE THUGS. THEN THEY CARRIED BUSHES THAT LINED THE FIELD, TO HIDE THEM.
ALL RIGHT, THIS IS THE LAST ONE. JUST HEAVE HIM INTO THE BUSHES HERE.
OKAY, MR. KEN. TIED LIKE THIS THEY WON'T MAKE A SOUND FOR HOURS.

HOUR CAPS COMING. IT MUST BE MR. H! GET BEHIND THESE TREES AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND.

A MOTORCADE OF ONE BIG TRUCK AND FOUR PASSENGER CARS, DRAWS UP IN FRONT OF THE BARN CONTAINING THE SEVEN BOMBER

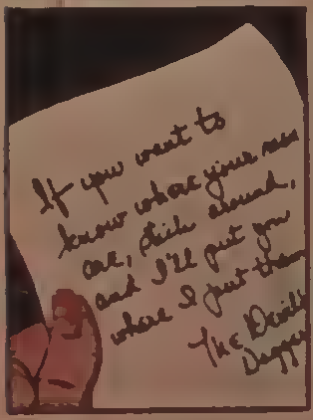

WELL, HERR H WHERE IS THIS BOMBING PLANE?
RIGHT IN THAT BARN, HERR GROSSMAN. THE MOST DEADLY ACCURATE BOMBER EVER BUILT AND FAST AS A PURSUIT PLANE! YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF BEFORE YOU PAY ME FOR MY WORK.

IF THE PLANE IS ALL YOU SAY, HERR H. YOU WILL BE PAID BEFORE WE LEAVE HERE TONIGHT WITH ITS CRATES LOADED IN THAT TRUCK.
WELL, COME AND SEE. AND BRING YOUR MEN. IF YOU WANT TO. MY MEN ARE PROBABLY STANDING GUARD INSIDE THE BARN.

BOY MACGREE - MR. KEN, HE'S BROUGHT AN ARMY WITH HIM! THERE MUST BE FIFTY OF THEM!
YES - A FEW TOO MANY FOR US TO HANDLE ALONE, PAT. HERE'S WHAT TO DO - GO BACK TO THE SPEED GHOST AND RADIO FOR THE POLICE. THEN—

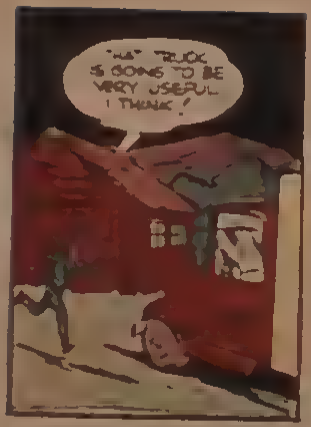
YOUR MEN DO NOT SEEM TO BE HERE, HERR H. - IS IT WISE TO LEAVE SO VALUABLE A PLANE UNGUARDED?
I THINK THAT'S A GOOD IDEA — LET'S GET TO BUSINESS.
MY MEN WILL ANSWER FOR THIS, I PROMISE YOU. BUT LET US GET TO BUSINESS.

WHAT IS THAT? A DAGGER! AND A NOTE!
THE DEVIL'S DAGGER!
MR. H RECEIVES AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE!


If you want to know what's going on, stick around. And I'll put you where I put them.
The Devil's Dagger

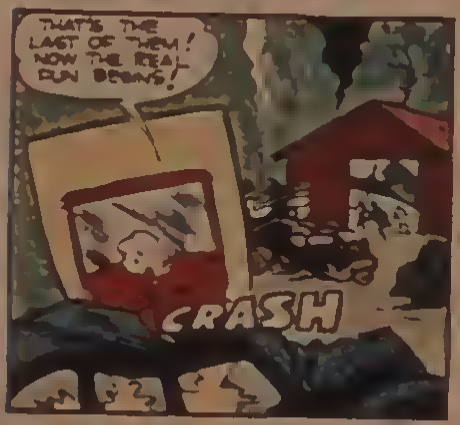
IT IS ONLY A BLUFF!
THE DOOR IS BEING CLOSED! YOU MEN— HURRY!
IN A MOMENT OF STUNNED SURPRISE CAUSED BY HIS NOTE, THE DEVIL'S DAGGER SWINGS SHUT THE BIG BARN DOOR.

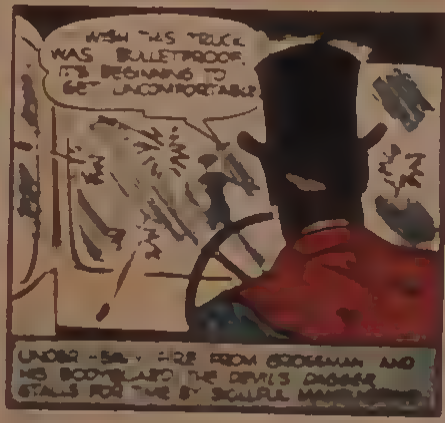
QUICKLY HE SNAPS THE LOCK BEFORE THOSE INSIDE THE BARN CAN BRING THEIR FULL STRENGTH TO BEAR AGAINST HIM.


"HE" TRUCK IS GOING TO BE VERY USEFUL I THINK!

NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT THIS TRUCK CAN REALLY DO!
THE DEVIL'S DAGGER BEARS DOWN AT FULL SPEED ON ONE OF THE GANG'S ARMORED CARS.

THAT'S ONE CAR THOSE CROOKS WON'T GET AWAY IN! NOW FOR THE OTHERS!
CRASH


THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM! NOW THE REAL FUN BEGINS!
CRASH

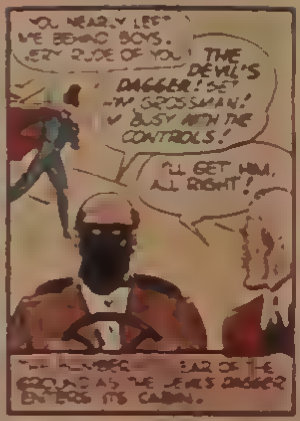

WHEN THIS TRUCK WAS BULLETPROOF IT'S BEGINNING TO GET UNCOMFORTABLE!
UNDER FIRE FROM GOODMAN AND HIS BODYGUARDS THE DEVIL'S DAGGER STALLS FOR TIME BY SKILLFUL MANEUVERING

COME AND GET IT BOYS!
HEY— LOOK! ANOTHER ONE!
IN THE NICK OF TIME PAT ARRIVES ON THE SCENE IN THE POWERFUL ARMORED SPEED GHOST.

NICE WORK, PAT! KEEP GOING, WE'VE GOT THEM ON THE RUN!
YOU BET, MR. KEEN. WE'VE GOT 'EM NOW!

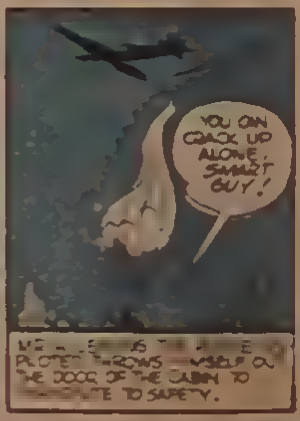
THESE GUYS ARE EASY V2. KEN.
LOOK DAT THE BOMBER IS COMING OUT! SOME ONES TRYING TO ESCAPE IN IT. FOLLOW THAT PLANE.

SO LONG— SEE YOU AT CENTERVILLE AIRPORT
BE CAREFUL V2. KEN!
AS THE BIG PLANE TAKES FOR A TAKEOFF THE SPEED GHOST PULLS UP LEVEL WITH IT.


YOU NEARLY LEFT ME BEHIND BOYS. VERY CLOSE OF YOU!
THE DEVIL'S DAGGER! SET —NO GROSSMAN! V BUSY WITH THE CONTROLS!
I'LL GET HIM. ALL RIGHT!
THE BOMBER [illegible] EAR OF THE GROUND AS THE DEVIL'S DAGGER ENTERS ITS CABIN.

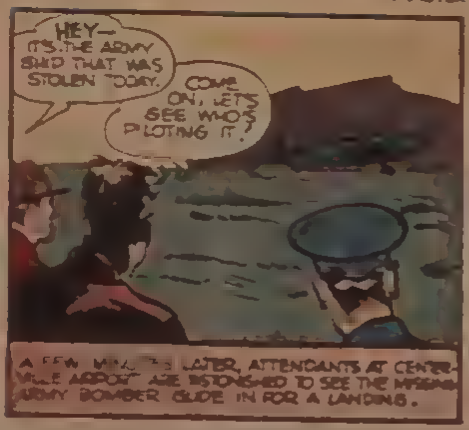
YOU'LL GET NOBODY GROSSMAN!
UH!

HEY!
YOU WON'T GET ME, DEVIL'S DAGGER!
WITH AT THE CONTROLS SENDS THE PLANE INTO A STEEP BANK AND THROWS THE DEVIL'S DAGGER OFF BALANCE FOR A MOMENT.

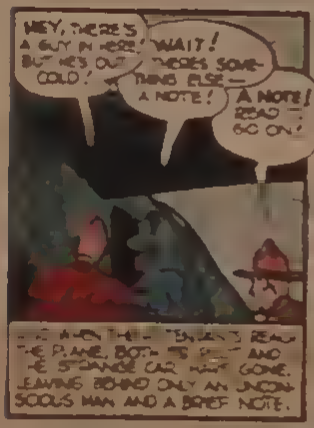

YOU CAN CRACK UP ALONE, SMART GUY!
[illegible] AS [illegible] PILOTS [illegible] HIMSELF ON THE DOOR OF THE CABIN TO [illegible] TO SAFETY.

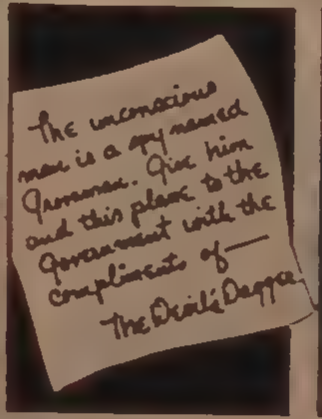
THE 305 BOMBER SPINS [illegible] INCHES FROM A CRASH [illegible] OUT INTO SMOOTH, POWERFUL

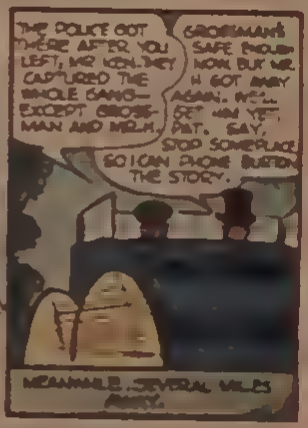
WHEW, THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO CENTERVILLE AIRPORT—PAT WILL BE WAITING FOR ME.


HEY— IT'S THE ARMY SHIP THAT WAS STOLEN TODAY.
COME ON, LET'S SEE WHO'S PILOTING IT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, ATTENDANTS AT CENTERVILLE AIRPORT ARE ASTONISHED TO SEE THE MISSING ARMY BOMBER GLIDE IN FOR A LANDING.

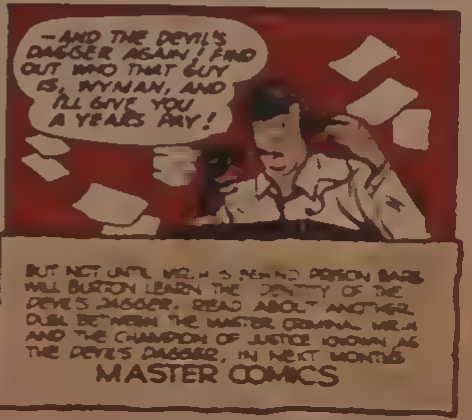
AS THE BIG PLANE TAXIS TO A STOP AT THE FAR SIDE OF THE FIELD, A POWERFUL CAR ITS DRIVER INVISIBLE, SPEEDS OUT OF NOWHERE TO MEET IT.

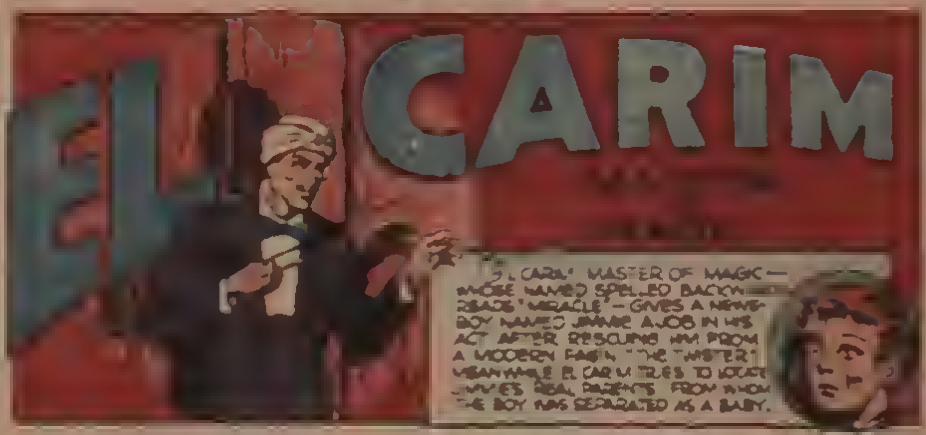

HEY, THERE'S A GUY IN HERE! BUT HE'S OUT COLD!
WAIT! THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE— A NOTE!
A NOTE! READ IT! GO ON!
WHEN THE TENANTS REACH THE PLANE, BOTH THE PILOT AND THE STRANGE CAR HAVE GONE, LEAVING BEHIND ONLY AN UNCONSCIOUS MAN AND A BRIEF NOTE.


The unconscious man is a spy named Jamieson. Give him and this plane to the Government with the compliments of—
The Devil's Dagger

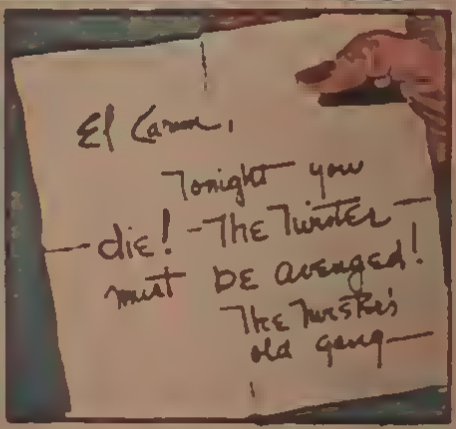

THE POLICE GOT THERE AFTER YOU LEFT, MR KEEN. THEY CAPTURED THE WHOLE GANG— EXCEPT GROSSMAN AND MELIA.
GROSSMAN'S SAFE ENOUGH NOW, BUT MR. H GOT AWAY AGAIN. WE'LL GET HIM YET, PAT. SAY, STOP SOMEPLACE SO I CAN PHONE BURTON THE STORY.
MEANWHILE, SEVERAL MILES AWAY.

HELLO, BURTON? WYMAN REPORTING. THAT WAS A GREAT HUNCH YOU HAD ABOUT CENTERVILLE, ONE OF THE NEW PLANES WAS STOLEN LATE THIS AFTERNOON.
TELEPHONES WYMAN REPORTER TO MR.

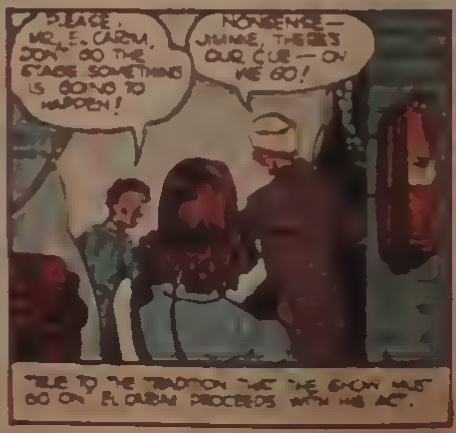

—AND THE DEVIL'S DAGGER AGAIN! I'D OUT WHO THAT GUY IS, WYMAN, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A YEAR'S PAY!
BUT NOT UNTIL MELIA'S NEMESIS PERSON BARS WILL BURTON LEARN THE IDENTITY OF THE DEVIL'S DAGGER. READ ABOUT ANOTHER DUEL BETWEEN THE MASTER CRIMINAL MELIA AND THE CHAMPION OF JUSTICE KNOWN AS THE DEVIL'S DAGGER, IN NEXT MONTH'S
MASTER COMICS


EL CARIM
"EL CARIM" MASTER OF MAGIC — WHOSE NAME SPELLED BACKWARDS "MIRACLE" — GIVES A NEWSBOY NAMED JIMMIE A JOB IN HIS ACT AFTER RESCUING HIM FROM A MODERN FAGIN — "THE TWISTER." MEANWHILE EL CARIM TRIES TO LOCATE JIMMIE'S REAL PARENTS FROM WHOM THE BOY WAS SEPARATED AS A BABY.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT, JIMMIE?
GEE, MR. EL CARIM, YOU'LL HAVE TO LOOK OUT!

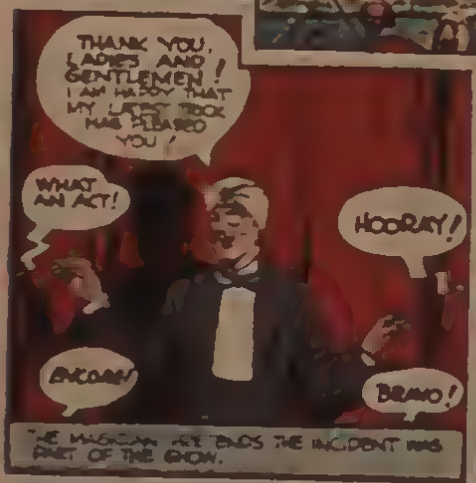

El Carim,
Tonight you die! -The Twister-
must be avenged!
The Twister's old gang—

CHEER UP JIMMIE - HERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. BARKING DOGS SELDOM BITE. LET'S GO ONTO THE STAGE.


PEACE, MR. E. CARIM, DON'T GO THE STAGE SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN!
NONSENSE — JIMMIE, THERE'S OUR CUE — ON WE GO!
TRUE TO THE TRADITION THAT THE SHOW MUST GO ON, EL CARIM PROCEEDS WITH HIS ACT.

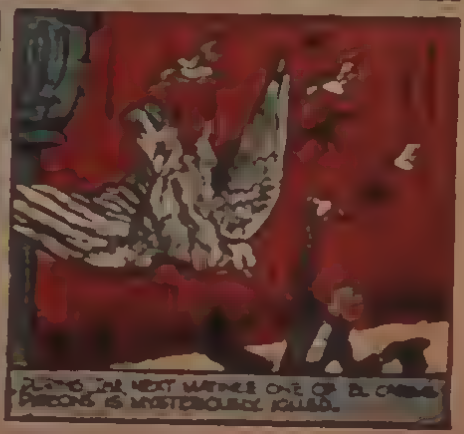
SUDDENLY A HEAVY WEIGHT FALLS FROM ABOVE.
JUMP, MR. EL CARIM, JUMP!
EL CARIM

ARRESTO!
GEE WHIZ!! LOOK AT THAT!
EL CARIM'S QUICK USE OF HIS MAGIC ARRESTOR HALTS THE MESSENGER OF DEATH IN MID-AIR.

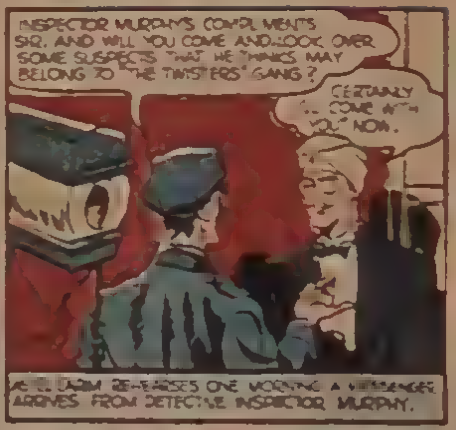

THANK YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I AM HAPPY THAT MY LATEST TRICK HAS PLEASED YOU!
WHAT AN ACT!
HOORAY!
ENCORE!
BRAVO!
THE MAGICIAN NEVER KNOWS THE INCIDENT WAS PART OF THE SHOW.

COME ON, JIMMIE! THEY MAY BE HIDING UP HERE!

THE ROPE HAS BEEN FRESHLY CUT. THIS LOOKS AS IF MY LETTER-WRITING FRIEND REALLY MEANS BUSINESS!


DURING THE NEXT MINUTE ONE OF EL CARIM'S PERSONS IS MYSTERIOUSLY KILLED.

A POISONED DART! IF THIS POOR BIRD HADN'T FLOWN, A SPOON OF ME WHEN I DID, I'D BE DEAD NOW— INSTEAD OF ?


INSPECTOR MURPHY'S COMPLIMENTS SIR, AND WILL YOU COME AND LOOK OVER SOME SUSPECTS THAT HE THINKS MAY BELONG TO THE "TWISTERS" GANG?
CERTAINLY I'LL COME WITH YOU NOW.
AS EL CAZIM REHEARSES ONE MORNING A MESSENGER ARRIVES FROM DETECTIVE INSPECTOR MURPHY.

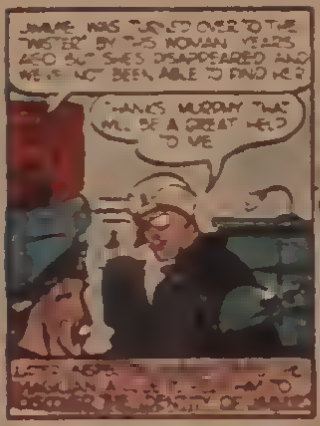
ARE WE GOING DOWN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS OFFICER?
NO SIR, THE INSPECTOR SAID TO TAKE YOU TO WHERE THE SUSPECTS ARE BEING HELD!
ARRIVING AT THE THEATRE FOR REHEARSAL JIMMIE IS SURPRISED AT SEEING EL CAZIM DRIVE AWAY.

THIS WAY SIR, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE INSPECTOR.

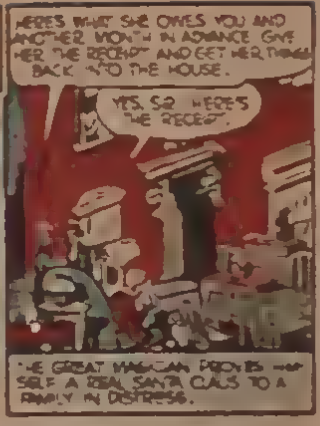
OUCH!
HERE YOU ARE ONES! HERE'S YOUR MAGICIAN FRIEND—ALL SAFE AND—QUIET!
THE MASTER OF MAGIC WALKS INTO A CLEVERLY PLANNED TRAP.

HEY, FELLA GOT A SMOKE YOU CAN SPARE? I CAN'T REACH MY OWN.
SURE! I GUESS IT WILL BE YOUR LAST SMOKE, TOO! THE GANGS DOPING OUT HOW TO BUMP YOU OFF NOW.
AS CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS THE MAGICIAN FORMULATES PLANS FOR A QUICK ESCAPE.

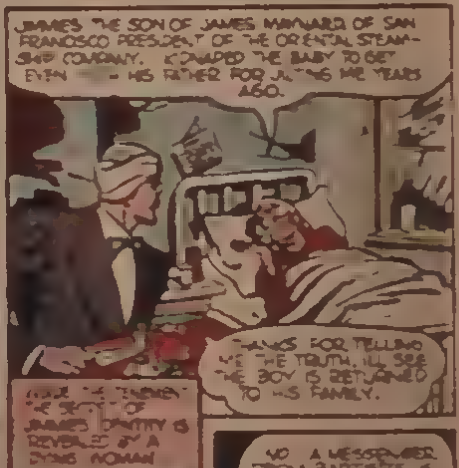
YOU HAVE NO WE— BUT I HAVE! NOW FREE ME AT ONCE!
YES— SIR— RIGHT— AWAY!
USING HIS FAMOUS HYPNOTIC POWERS THE MASTER OF MAGIC FORCES THE THUG TO RELEASE HIM.
I THINK YOU'LL PASS FOR ME—AND I FOR YOU— VERY NICELY.
QUICKLY HE CHANGES CLOTHES WITH THE HYPNOTIZED THUG.
SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW TO PHONE MURPHY.
HOBSON MAKES HIS WAY FROM THE HOUSE
HURRY UP WITH YOUR MEN, MURPHY. I'VE LOCATED THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF "THE TWISTERS" GANG!
OKAY! WE'LL BE THERE IN 10 MINUTES!
IF I DON'T KNOW IT WAS YOU, EL CAZIM, I'D SWEAR IT WAS "TONY THE WOP" HIMSELF. WHERE ARE THE HOODLUMS?
IN THAT APARTMENT— OVER THERE.
POLICE DEPT.
HERE WE GO, BOYS!
LAY IT ON, FELLOWS! GIVE THEM A GOOD SHELLACKING!
EL CAZIM'S CLEVER DISGUISE GAINS HIM ADMISSION TO THE APARTMENT AND THE GANG IS CAPTURED.

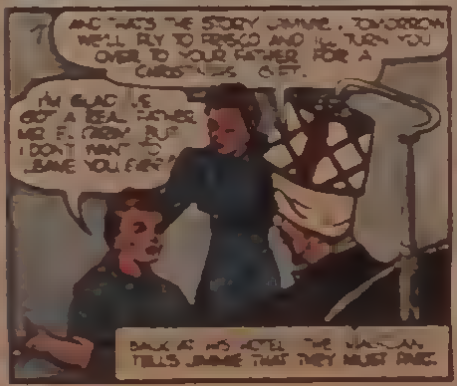

JIMMIE WAS TURNED OVER TO THE "MISTER" BY THIS WOMAN YEARS AGO BUT SHE'S DISAPPEARED AND WE'VE NOT BEEN ABLE TO FIND HER
THANKS MURRAY THAT WILL BE A GREAT HELP TO ME

AT HOME JUNG IN ANCIENT HAITU METHOD OF "MOUND" DIVINATION EL CARIM DISCOVERS THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE WOMAN HE SEEKS


HERES WHAT SHE OWES YOU AND ANOTHER MONTH IN ADVANCE GIVE HER THE RECEIPT AND GET HER THINGS BACK INTO THE HOUSE.
YES, SIR HERE'S THE RECEIPT
THE GREAT MAGICIAN PROVES HIMSELF A REAL SANTA CLAUS TO A FAMILY IN DISTRESS.

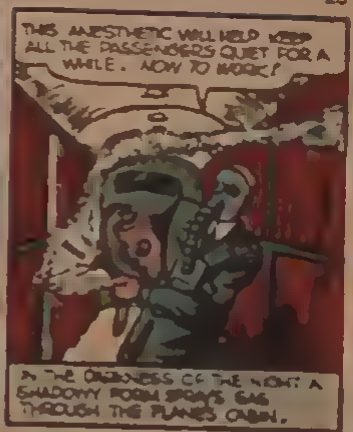
HEY, YOU! THIS MONEY IS TURNING INTO BLANK PAPER!
IT'S YOUR MONEY—NOT MINE. BETTER GIVE IT TO CHARLEY BEFORE HE SWINDLES ALTOGETHER


JAMMES THE SON OF JAMES MAYNARD OF SAN FRANCISCO PRESIDENT OF THE ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY, KIDNAPPED THE BABY TO GET EVEN WITH HIS FATHER FOR JAILING HIM YEARS AGO.
THANKS FOR TELLING ME THE TRUTH, I'LL SEE THE BOY IS RETURNED TO HIS FAMILY.


AND THAT'S THE STORY JIMMIE. TOMORROW WE'LL FLY TO FRISCO AND I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO YOUR FATHER FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT.
I'M GLAD I'VE GOT A REAL FATHER MR. E. CARIM BUT I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE YOU EVER!

NO A MESSENGER FROM BARTLEY'S TAKING THE JULIOS PEARL NECKLACE TO FRISCO I'VE JUST GIVING THE PASSENGERS THE ONCE OVER
WHAT ARE YOU ALONG A PLANE TOO, MURRAY?

THE ORLOFF PEARLS ARE SAFE ON THAT PLANE. THANK GOODNESS!

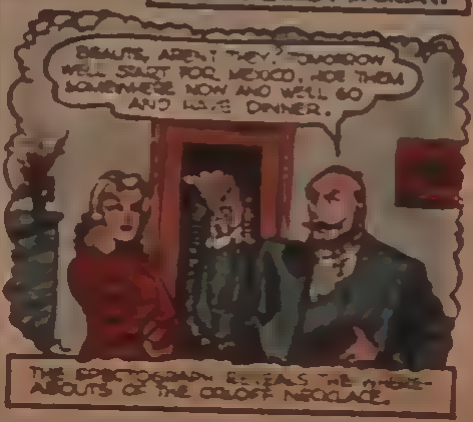

THIS ANESTHETIC WILL HELP KEEP ALL THE PASSENGERS QUIET FOR A WHILE. NOW TO WORK!
IN THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT A SHADOWY FORM SPRAYS GAS THROUGH THE PLANE'S CABIN.

WITHIN A MOMENT ALL THE PASSENGERS LIE IN A HEAVY STUPOR

THIS IS NOT THE ORLOFF NECKLACE. IT IS A VERY CLEVER IMITATION!
SOMEONE MUST HAVE SWITCHED THEM WHILE WE SLEPT.

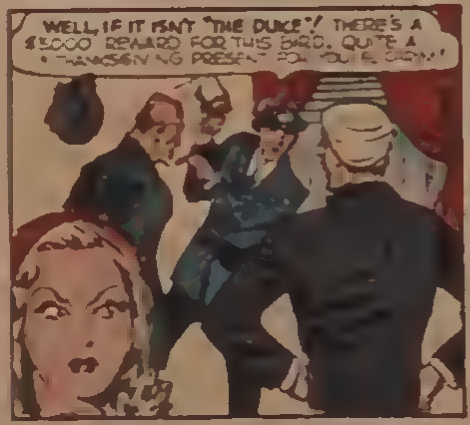
STOLEN, YOU SAY! YES I'LL HELP YOU. TELL THE POLICE CHIEF HERE TO WORK WITH ME. GOODBYE!
NOTIFIED OF THE LOSS OF THE PEARLS MURPHY SOLICITS THE AID OF THE GREAT MAGICIAN.

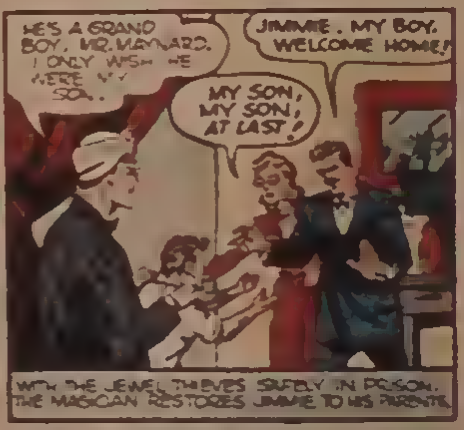
WELL, INSPECTOR TAYLOR, WE'VE CHECKED ALL BUT 5 OF THE PASSENGERS. EVERY ONE IS OK. LET'S SEE WHAT THIS NAME WILL SHOW.


BEAUTIFUL AREN'T THEY? TOMORROW WE'LL START FOR MEXICO. HIDE THEM SOMEWHERE NOW AND WE'LL GO AND HAVE DINNER.
THE PHOTOGRAPH REVEALS THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE ORLOFF NECKLACE.

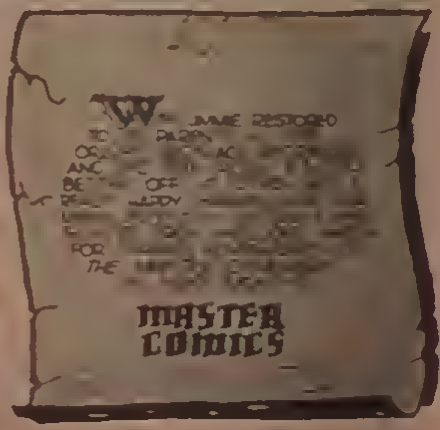
I KNEW MY ..OSCOPE WOULD DO THE TRICK, CHIEF. NOW LETS WAIT FOR THE THIEF AND HIS GIRL FRIEND!
THE MAGICIAN'S MARVELOUS ..OSCOPE QUICKLY DIRECTS HIM TO THE HIDDEN JEWELS.

OH, NO, YOU DON'T!
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED!
MY GUN! IT FLEW RIGHT OUT OF MY HANDS!
AS THE THIEVES ENTER EL CARIM EMPLOYS HIS MAGIC WITH STARTLING EFFECT.


WELL, IF IT ISN'T "THE DUKE"! THERE'S A $5000 REWARD FOR THIS BIRD. QUITE A "THANKSGIVING PRESENT" FOR YOU, EL CARIM!

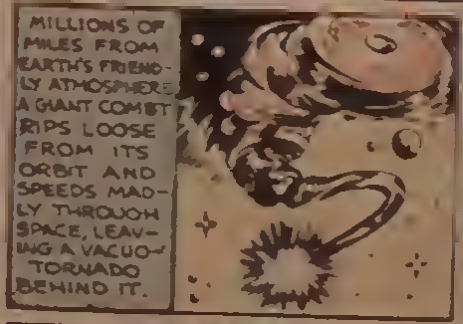

HE'S A GRAND BOY, MR. MAYNARD. I ONLY WISH HE WERE MY SON.
JIMMIE, MY BOY. WELCOME HOME!
MY SON! MY SON! AT LAST!
WITH THE JEWEL THIEVES SAFELY IN PRISON, THE MAGICIAN RESTORES JIMMIE TO HIS PARENTS.

HERE'S THE $5000 REWARD FOR "THE DUKE". I'LL INDORSE IT AND SEND IT TO THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. THERE ARE OTHERS WHO NEED IT MORE THAN I DO.
OH, EL CARIM, YOU'RE A DEAR!
THE MAGICIAN HAS A GREAT HEART—AND PROVES IT.

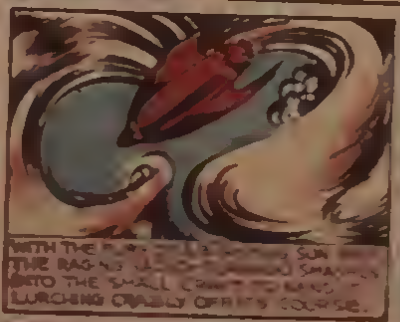

JIMMIE RESTORED
MASTER COMICS

Capt. Venture and THE PLANET PRINCESS

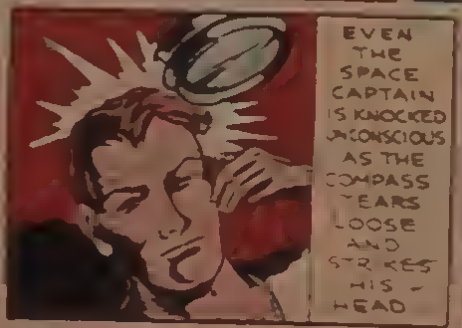
TO THE [illegible] THE GREAT [illegible] ACE ADVENTURERS, CAPTAIN [illegible] EARTH PRINCESS ZYRA [illegible]

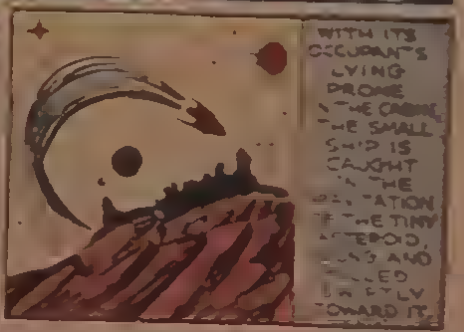

MILLIONS OF MILES FROM EARTH'S FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE A GIANT COMET RIPS LOOSE FROM ITS ORBIT AND SPEEDS MADLY THROUGH SPACE, LEAVING A VACUO-TORNADO BEHIND IT.

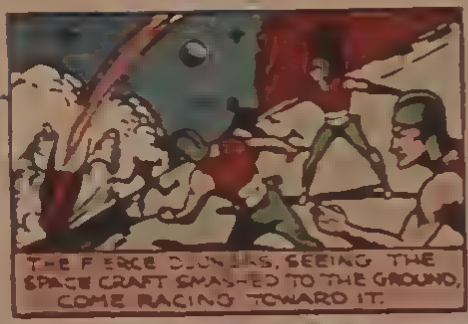
[illegible] THEY COME CLOSER. [illegible] CAPTAIN VENTURE AND THE PLANET PRINCESS WATCH THE COMET STORM [illegible]

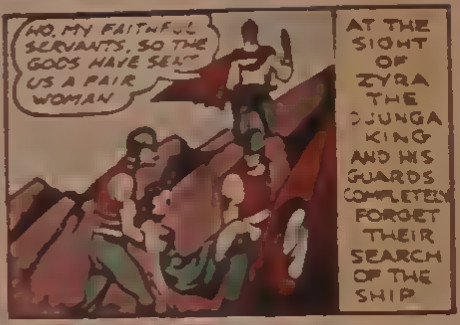


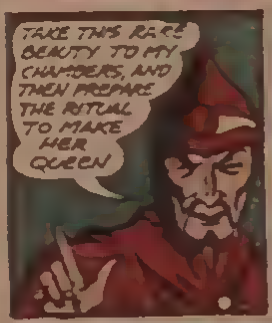
WITH THE [illegible] SUN THE RAGING [illegible] SMASHES INTO THE SMALL CRAFT TO MAKE IT LURCHING ORBITLY OFF ITS COURSE.

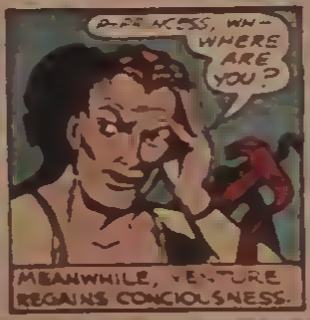


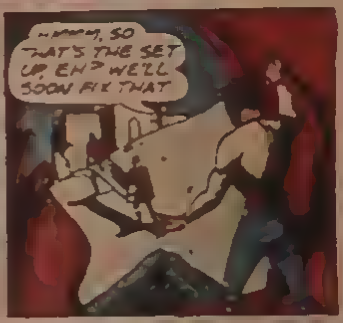



THE FIERCE DJUNGAS, SEEING THE SPACE CRAFT SMASHED TO THE GROUND, COME RACING TOWARD IT.


HO, MY FAITHFUL SERVANTS, SO THE GODS HAVE SENT US A PAIR WOMAN
AT THE SIGHT OF ZYRA THE DJUNGA KING AND HIS GUARDS COMPLETELY FORGET THEIR SEARCH OF THE SHIP


TAKE THIS RACE BEAUTY TO MY CHAMBERS, AND THEN PREPARE THE RITUAL TO MAKE HER QUEEN


PRINCESS, WH— WHERE ARE YOU?
MEANWHILE, VENTURE REGAINS CONCIOUSNESS.


HMMM, SO THAT'S THE SET UP EH? WE'LL SOON FIX THAT

WITH THE SPEED OF A ROCKET, THE SPACE CAPTAIN BOWLS THE DJUNGAS OVER IN A SURPRISE CHARGE.
KIDNAPERS, HUH— WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT

ZYRA, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SEIZE THEM, YOU STUPID FOOLS, OR I'LL HAVE YOU ALL SKINNED ALIVE.

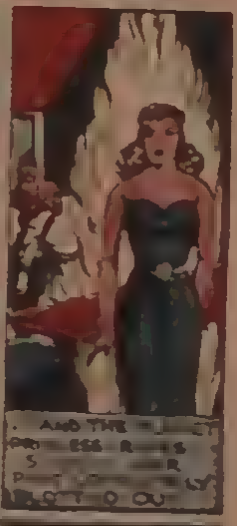
THE GUARDS RALLY, AND CAPTAIN VENTURE FALLS
HEAVY BLOW

SHE'LL NEVER MARRY YOU O KING — SHE'S IN LOVE WITH THE EARTHMAN.
AND SO SHE IS BUT MY PLANS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT
AS THE SPACE FLYERS BECOME PRISONERS THE CRAFTY KING PLOTS

WE'LL TREAT HER WITH THE NEW SERUM AND SHE'LL FORGET SHE EVER SAW THAT WORTHLESS ONE
HA, HA — YOU ARE REALLY CLEVER YOUR MAJESTY

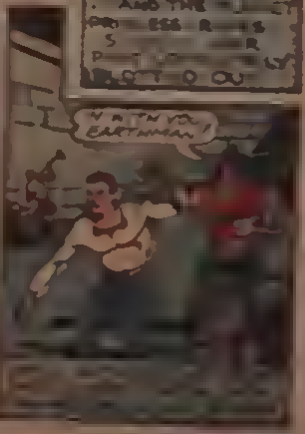
YOU'RE SURE HER MEMORY WILL FAIL EH DOCTOR TAZOND
NO — WHEN THE RAY ONE AWAKENS SHALL HAVE FORGOTTEN EVERY ITEM OF HER PAST LIFE

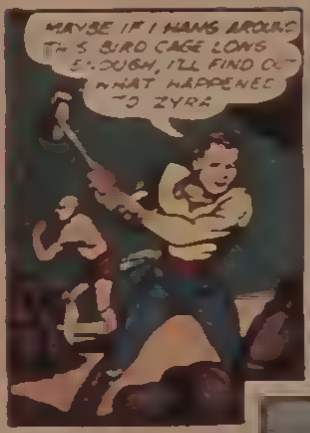
NO, YOU WILL NOW FORGET YOUR PAST LIFE DO YOU HEAR ME? FORGET — FORGET!


AND THE

GO TO YOUR QUARTERS MY DEAR
FOR DOING
ES OF COURSE
TO BE COME QUEEN

MANY MAIDS THE CEREMONY STARTS SOON


WITH YOU EARTHMAN!


MAYBE IF I HANG AROUND THIS BIRD CAGE LONG ENOUGH, I'LL FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ZYRA

ALL RIGHT, YOU LAZY SWINE—GET THOSE HAMMERS SWINGING!

BEFORE THE SURPRISED GUARD REALIZES THE DANGER, THE DARING SPACE CAPTAIN SLAMS HIM VICIOUSLY WITH THE HEAVY SLEDGE

SORRY, BOYS, BUT I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A PRINCESS

AT THE PALACE GATES OTHER GUARDS AWAIT THE ESCAPED PRISONER

ESCAPE FROM THE SLAVE PEN WILL YOU
ONE OF THEM HURTLES BODILY THROUGH THE AIR BUT VENTURE DOESN'T FALTER
THE SPACE ADVENTURER CATCHES THE ENRAGED
THAT'S A HOME RUN IF I EVER SAW ONE!
AND HURLS HIM BACK AT HIS WAITING COMPANION.
HOW TO FIND OUT WHAT THOSE DOGS ARE DOING TO THE PRINCESS
AT THE CHAMBER ENTRANCE AN INCREDIBLE SCENE MEETS THE SPACE CAPTAIN.
WHAT THE ZYRA ARE ALL RIGHT?
NOT KNOWING THAT ZYRA IS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF A MEMORY ERASING DRUG HER REACTION

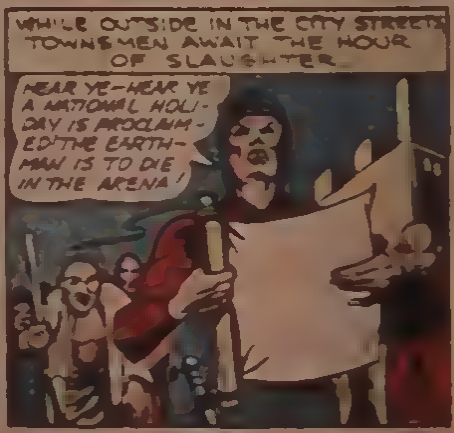
HA, HA EARTHMAN! THE BEAUTIFUL ZYRA, IS NOW ALL MINE!

I NEVER BELIEVED THE PRINCESS WOULD RUN OUT — GUESS THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME

STUNNED AND HUMILIATED, VENTURE IS EASILY SUBDUED BY THE DJUNGA GUARDS.

WE... POSTPONE THE CEREMONY JUST LONG ENOUGH TO SEE OUR BRAVE CAPTAIN PERISH IN THE ARENA
AN EXCELLENT IDEA

I CAN'T IMAGINE IT! ZYRA THREW ME OVER FOR THAT RAT OF A KING!
ALONE IN HIS CELL CAPTAIN VENTURE BITES QUIETLY AWAITING AN UNKNOWN DEATH.


WHILE OUTSIDE IN THE CITY STREETS TOWNSMEN AWAIT THE HOUR OF SLAUGHTER
HEAR YE—HEAR YE A NATIONAL HOLIDAY IS PROCLAIMED! THE EARTHMAN IS TO DIE IN THE ARENA!

THE NEXT DAY PEOPLE FROM FAR AND NEAR GATHER AT THE ARENA TO WATCH THE MAN FROM EARTH BE DESTROYED BY THE DREADED MONSTER KUNG
MEE MEE - ANOTHER FEAST FOR THE MONSTER!
A THUNDEROUS ROAR SPLITS THE AIR AS CAPTAIN VENTURE IS LOWERED ONTO THE BATTLEY ELLI BY MEANS OF A GLASS SPHERE
IN A GILDED CAGE
MASTER

GHOST OF THE BAD LANDS

THE FOUR DUST covered horses strained under cracking reports of the long blacksnake whip as their hoofbeats echoed along the canyon walls. The rickety stage creaked and groaned, as though the rapid pace would tear it apart any moment. It was the territory of the mysterious Black Rider, famed throughout the west as a ruthless bandit, and the driver was taking no chances. A grizzled guard sat next to him—a sawed-off shot gun weighted in his lap.

"Looks like we're goin' to reach High Mesa after all," the driver panted to his companion. "I'd like to see the day any outlaw can ketch my team."

"Humph!" the bearded guard snorted back. "Don't think it's your horses he's worried 'bout. It's this gun hyar in my—"

A shot rang out above the drumming hoofbeats—and the man with the shot gun slumped over before his command could be finished. A quick glance behind informed the frightened driver that a black robed horseman was bearing down on him from the hills. No use driving any further. With the guard dead and the Black Rider just behind him—there was nothing to do but pull the lurid breathing horses to a halt.

"Throw down that cash box," came a sharp command from below. "And don't try reaching for that shot gun—or I'll let the daylight through you!"

The shining box crashed to the ground, and the newcomer dismounted to inspect it. Pearl handled Colts were gripped tightly to each gloved palm of his hands, evidence that death still hovered near by.

The outlaw stood tall and straight—completely dressed in black from expensive calfskin boots to the tall ten-gallon hat. A purple bandanna covered his entire face—all except a pair of cold blue eyes.

With the Colts still peering menacingly at the coach, the black figure stepped lithely to the stirred dust and opened it.

Only two passengers sat inside. One was short and bald with a large paunch. Thick-lens glasses set on a rounded nose, and the small, dark eyes shifted from side to side. Across from him was a tall, rangy man of about forty. His thin shoulders seemed to cramp his chest, and a muscle under his left eye jerked convulsively. Most conspicuous was a badge worn on the ragged leather vest.

"Well, well," the bandit drawled in a pseudo-surprised tone, "If it ain't Sheriff Hawkins from Hill City. Didn't think YOU'D be on the coach!"

"N-Now you listen here, Black Rider," the lawman stammered. "You knew I was a passenger—that's why you parked on this stage."

The tall man's right hand was stroking softly toward a gun at his side. He talked fast, trying to hold the outlaw's flashing blue eyes to his own.

"You're only trying to ruin me," he continued. "Why — why don't you stay off'n my territory?"

The masked man didn't answer immediately. Those blue eyes burned with different light.

"If you touch that gun, sheriff," he snapped between tight lips, "I'll blast you clear back to Hill City!"

With this said, Black Rider slammed the creaking door, fired two shots into the sky and watched the stage coach rattle down the trail.

Inside, the bald man wiped his forehead with a large handkerchief and turned bewildered toward his lone companion.

"What kind of a sheriff are you, Hawkins?" he asked derisively. "Your guns weren't even fired when that bandit outdrew you."

"But I almost finished him yet, Mr. Wilson," the sheriff shot back. "I'm tellin' the truth to turn around—I'm gonna settle things with the Black Rider for once and all."

BACK AROUND THE bend, the masked man stood back a pace from the oblong box, fired one shot at the cheap lock, and then knelt over to examine its contents.

"Looks like you struck gold, cause a voice from behind. "And people that strike gold alius runs smack into trouble."

The outlaw came to his feet and turned in a flash. Black gloved hands darted toward pearl handled Colts — then he stopped them in mid-air, hands frozen in unison. There on a deep chestnut stood Tex Adams, a strange figure. His wide shoulders seemed to sag under an unseen burden. Blonde hair swayed in the western wind, and hard grey eyes stared unblinkingly from beneath a chiseled forehead.

At first glance, the rider seemed young, but the deep lines on his pale, white face betrayed his age. His whole body was relaxed, except for long hands that clenched tightly about the butts of six-guns.

"Tex Adams," exclaimed the masked man. "Where'd yuh come from?"

"I've been on them hills all morning — watching you," came the level reply. "I see act as if you seen a ghost, Tommy."

The Black Rider flinched under the name. His eyes closed momentarily, and then he once again faced the newcomer.

"But I thought they hung you upstate. Tex. Everybody thought so."

Tex had dismounted and was facing the prisoner. The six-guns still held tightly in his hands.

"They let me out on parole," he explained. "And I've come back to get you. I didn't kill MURDER.

He stepped back two paces, then continued speaking in a low, flat tone.

"Though I can't blame a man for stealing to live. That's why I'm not going to turn you in.

"And now you're free to blame me," the Black Rider replied.

"Oh, no," the other answered. "I'm going to kill you for murdering. I'm going to give you a chance that you didn't give that poor driver outside back."

Tex Adams holstered his guns, and stood with his legs apart. The Black Rider saw his chance and he sneaked for his Colts. Two shots blended into one — and the Masked Man lay sprawled at the dust. His Colts were still unfired.

Tex stood over the fallen man with smoking guns. A tear glistened on his grey eyes.

"Maybe I shouldn't have done it," he muttered quietly. "But the law would've got him anyway."

He failed to hear the rumbling of the stage coach behind him. He stood transfixed until Sheriff Hawkins bounced out and put a rough hand on his shoulder.

"Nice work, pardner," Hawkins shouted. "Any man that can get the Black Rider can—"

He stopped short and stared at the pale face — as though he saw a ghost.

"Gosh!" he breathed loudly. "And I thought Tex Adams was dead!"

"But I am!" the Texan retorted. "There's your money in the saddle."

With this said, he clambered quickly into the saddle and turned the horse's nose toward the setting sun.

By this time, the bald headed driver had rushed to Hawkins' side. He was wiping his brow with a handkerchief and looking at the dusty figure of the Masked Man.

"Who is he, sheriff?" he asked excitedly. "Have I been going to take his mask off?"

"No," Hawkins answered drily, keeping to remember handsome features. "It's Tommy Adams — brother of Tex Texas."

The End

LEE GRANGER
JUNGLE KING
THAT'S STRANGE! THE DRY SEASON ISN'T DUE FOR MONTHS YET!
YES, MASTER, I HAVE NOTICED

FOLLOW THE RIVER AND FIND THE TROUBLE
WHAT DO YOU THINK IS WRONG MASTER?
I JUST YES DON'T KNOW BUT HAVE A FEELING THAT DANGER LURKS AROUND US
HE CERTAINLY LOOKS VICIOUS-PROBABLY CRAZY FROM THIRST
LOOK-A WATER BUFFALO
CAREFUL ERIC-HERE HE COMES!
THIS IS FOR YOU BUFFALO
IN THE JUNGLE LIFE IS A GAME OF KILL OR BE KILLED
WE'RE GOING TO SWIM THROUGH THE TUNNEL UNDER THE TREES WHILE YOU KEEP TO THE GROUND THEY MAY NOT COVER MORE SPACE
THAT'S THE END OF HIM MASTER, HE WON'T

BARONE, BULL TOY... HAVE YOU GREAT PLAN ALSO - HA?
BUILD GREAT DAM SO RIVER NO REACH COUNTRY SOON ALL PEOPLE DIE OF THIRST - AND I RULE WHOLE JUNGLE!
YOU'LL RUN...
IF THEY HAVE HARMED MY MASTER, I'LL DESTROY THE WHOLE VILLAGE!
I'LL HAVE TO HURRY TO GET HELP TO SAVE THEM NOW!

WELL! SEE ABOUT THAT!
A CONVICTERA I CALL!
YOU ARE TOO SLOW! SOMETIMES I MOVE TWO!
A TALE OF LONG AGO
YOU SHALL ALL DIE TONIGHT!
GOOD BOY! JUST IN TIME!
BUCK, MASTER OF MAGIC WILL BURN HIS WRATH UP!
COME ON! THEY'RE
I GUESS IT TAKES ROCKS TO BOUND SOME THINGS INTO THEIR HEADS
TOWARD THE WALLS! WE'VE GOT TO ESCAPE

NO ERIC, YOU'VE JET THEM BEHIND
ARE THEY GONE NOW, DYANNA?
I'M GOING TO PATROL THE DAM
I'VE JUST GOT A NO THREAT, THIS DAM - HERE GOES NOTHING

JUNGLE KING LIVE LONG
HEH! HOW DOES ARENT SO DUMB

HOUSE GRANGER- IT'S TIME TO DIE

ME KILL- LEEEYAH

MASTER MEN! ATTACK THE MURDERER! DIE KRUM!

AFTER THEM, FREDDY! BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

YOU ARE TOO SLOW, MY BIG FRIEND

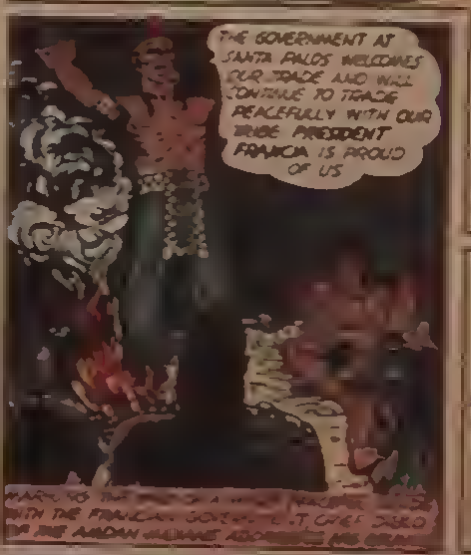
MAYBE THIS WILL TEACH THEM A LESSON
AND THE WHOLE TRIBE IS RELIEVED AS THE GAME SUPPLY IS RESTORED.
I'M NOT SO SURE, MASTER - THEY'RE NOT TO BE TRUSTED
MASTER COMICS

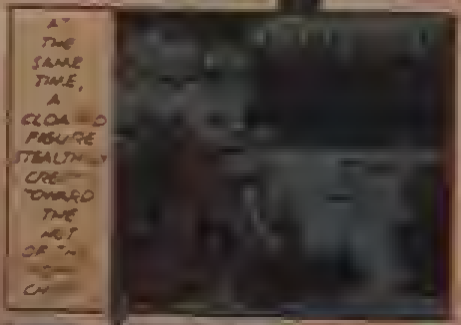
BRIGHTEST STAR OF THEM ALL

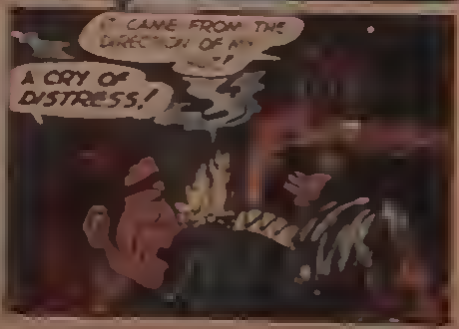
QUESTION:
WHIZ COMICS
WHIZ COMICS
ANSWER:
WHIZ
COMICS
WHIZ COMICS • AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND

The Red GAUCHO

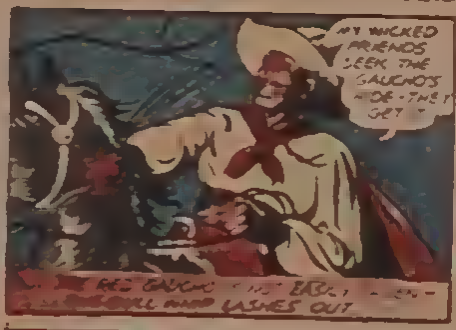
BORN IN SOUTH AMERICA OF YANKEE PARENTS, THE RED GAUCHO GROWS TO WIDESPREAD FAME BY HIS DASHING, SMASHING METHODS OF BATTLING CRIME AND OPPRESSION.

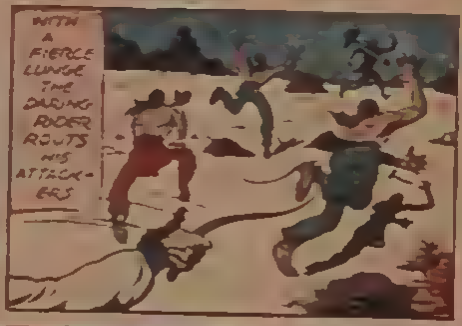

THE GOVERNMENT AT SANTA PALOS WELCOMES OUR TRADE AND WILL CONTINUE TO TRADE PEACEFULLY WITH OUR TRIBE. PRESIDENT FRANCIA IS PROUD OF US

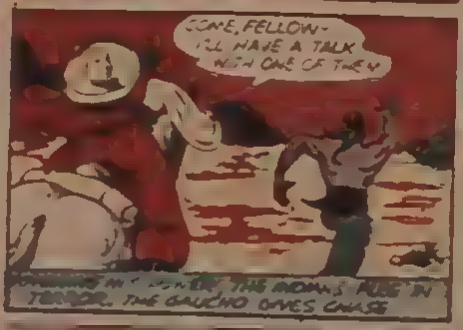




MARIA—SHE KNOWS! CHIEF—LOOK OUT!
MY EYES—THEY JEST WITH ME—I'M CLEAR OF THE RED MIST!
AS DIABLO STANDS BEWILDERED AT THE STRANGE BEHAVIOR OF THE BATTERED FIGURE OF THE MAN OUT LEADER RIDES INTO VIEW
DIABLO—LOOK!
IT'S SEÑOR PUNCHET, THE OUTLAW—HE LOOKS LIKE HE CAME OUT OF SOME TROUBLE
DO NOT KNOW THAT IT WAS YOUR DAUGHTER—WHEN I TRIED TO STOP HIM HE TURNED ON ME—
THE GAUCHO WILL PAY FOR THIS, SEÑOR PUNCHET!
THE CRAFTY OUTLAW LEADER RELATES HIS STORY TO THE AMIGOS CHIEF.
NEXT MORNING THE GALLANT CABALLERO HASTENS TO CALL ON AN OLD FRIEND
WE WILL CALL ON JUAREZ A LONG TIME SINCE THE GAUCHO HAS VISITED HIS FRIEND
THE GAUCHO SHOCKED AT THE SIGHT OF THE DEAD JUAREZ AND HIS MACHETA
JUAREZ! HE'S DEAD—THE AMIGOS ARE HOSE OF MEN!
TRAILS RIDE OF
THE GAUCHO—HE COMES THIS WAY!
DEAD OR ALIVE—DIABLO WANTS HIM!


MY WICKED FRIENDS SEEK THE GAUCHO'S HIDE - THEY SHALL GET IT
THE RED GAUCHO'S LONG BLACK BULL WHIP LASHES OUT


WITH A FIERCE LUNGE THE DARING RIDER ROUTS HIS ATTACKERS


COME, FELLOW - I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH ONE OF THEM
THE INDIAN'S RUSE IN TERROR. THE GAUCHO GIVES CHASE

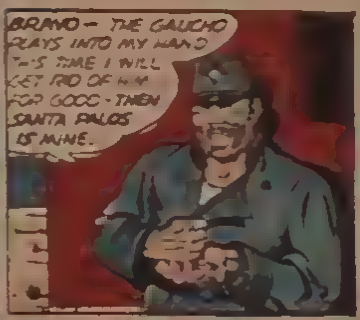
THE GAUCHO

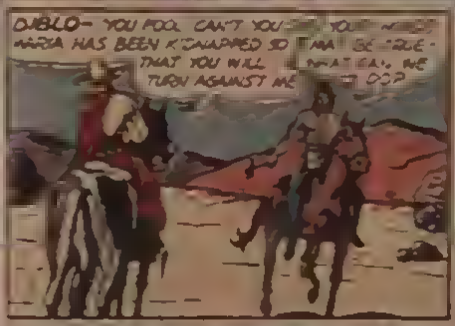
THE FRIGHTENED INDIAN, FEARING THE EFFECT OF THE MENACING WORD, SPEAKS FREELY..
SPEAK - LEST YOU COMPEL ME TO IMPRESS YOU WITH MY ORDER
BECAUSE YOU TAKE HARM DIEGO SAY - TO KILL ALL WHITES UNLESS THE GAUCHO GIVES HIMSELF UP!

MY LAST

WHOEVER HAS THE

BUT AS THE INDIAN REPORTS TO HIS CHIEF, A SILENT FIGURE LISTENS TO THE CONVERSATION.
WE WILL WAIT FOR YOU THERE - ON THE GAUCHO'S WORD HE PROMISES NO TRICKS!
I ALWAYS I HAVE KNOWN THE MEANING OF HIS WORD! GO ALONE.


BRAVO — THE GAUCHO PLAYS INTO MY HAND THIS TIME I WILL GET RID OF HIM FOR GOOD - THEN SANTA PALOS IS MINE.

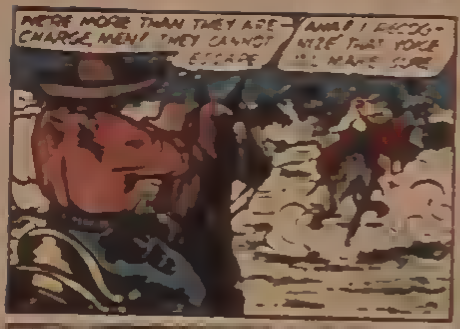

DIABLO— YOU FOOL CAN'T YOU SEE YOUR MARIA HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED SO THAT YOU WILL TURN AGAINST ME

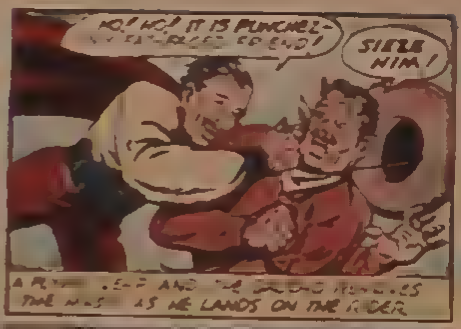
WE DO NOTHING BUT WAIT FOR THIS BIG FOOL TO SHOW HIS FACE
RIDERS APPROACHING

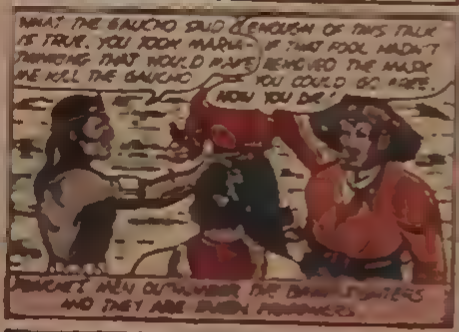
SEE, THEY COME AS I SAID- READY, DIABLO WE HAVE WORK!
OUT OF THE NIGHT A DOZEN IT SEEMED RIDERS ATTACK THE TWO MEN.

AWAY, FOOLS- THE GAUCHO SPEAKS!
THE BULL WHIP SWIRLS FIERCELY.

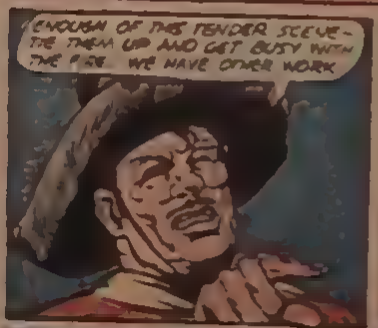
WITH A SAVAGE LUNGE, THE GAUCHO DISPOSES OF HIS NEAREST ADVERSARY. MS. DIABLO INSPIRED BY THE GAUCHO AT HIS SIDE FIGHTS GAMELY ON





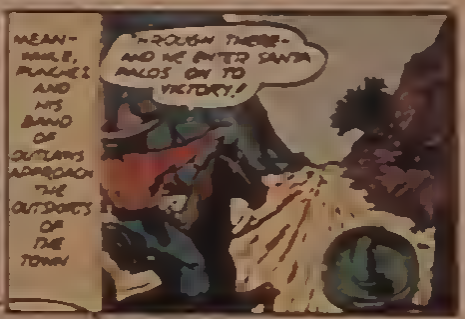

WHAT THE GAUCHO SAID ENOUGH OF THIS TALK IS TRUE. YOU FOOL MARIA — THINKING THAT WOULD HAVE WE KILL THE GAUCHO
IF THAT FOOL HADN'T REMOVED THE MASK YOU COULD GO FREE. NOW YOU DIE!
PANCHO'S MEN OUTNUMBER THE BANDITTERS AND THEY ARE EVEN PUNISHERS

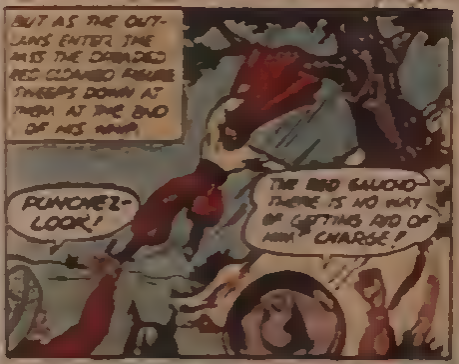
THE CAPTIVES ARE LED TO A NEARBY SHACK WHERE DOLO AND HIS DAUGHTER ARE RE-UNITED
MY DAUGHTER!
FATHER - THE RED GAUCHO HE HAS TAKEN BOTH OF YOU!



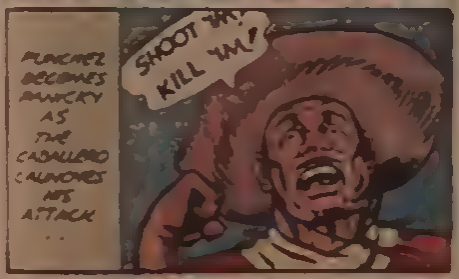
AFTER TYING HIS VICTIMS AND SETTING FIRE TO THE SHACK, PUNCHO TAUNTS THEM AS HE LEAVES

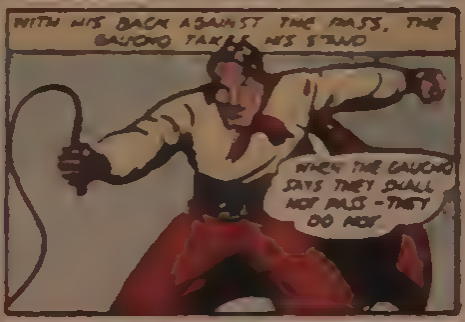
COURAGE, FRIENDS- THE GAUCHO WILL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN NO TIME

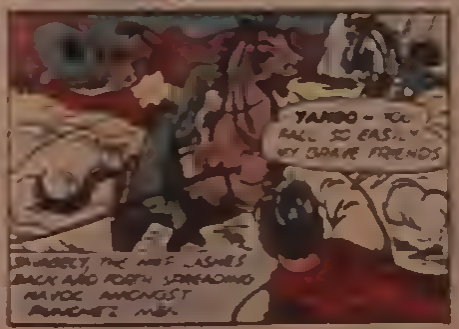

MEAN-WHILE, PUNCHEZ AND HIS BAND OF OUTLAWS APPROACH THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN
"ROUGH THERE- AND WE RIDE TO SANTA PAULOS ON TO VICTORY!"


BUT AS THE OUTLAWS ENTER THE PASS THE CRIMSON CLOAKED FIGURE SWEEPS DOWN AT THEM AT THE END OF HIS WHIP
PUNCHEZ- LOOK!
THE RED GAUCHO- THERE IS NO WAY OF GETTING RID OF HIM CHARGE!

IN A FLASH THE GAUCHO DIVES ON THE ADVANCE GUARD AND BOWLES UP THE PASS.
BACK FOOLS- AND I MEAN IT!


PUNCHEZ BECOMES FRANTIC AS THE CABALLERO CAVALCADE HITS ATTACK . . .
SHOOT HIM! KILL HIM!

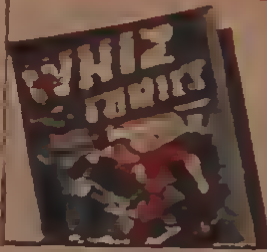

WITH HIS BACK AGAINST THE PASS, THE GAUCHO TAKES HIS STAND
WHEN THE GAUCHO SAYS THEY SHALL NOT PASS - THEY DO NOT.


YANDO - YOU FALL SO EASILY MY BRAVE FRIENDS
SUDDENLY, THE ANTS LASHES BACK AND FORTH SPREADING HAVOC AMONGST PUNCHEZ MEN.

LOOK- HELOS COMING THIS WAY
"S DIABLO AH HIS MEN - QUICK - TO THE MOUNTAINS!

HO! HO! SEÑOR PUNCHEZ- WHAT'S WE CAN LEAVE WITHOUT SAYING GOODBYE TO ME
HOLD ON, MY PAT FRIEND, WE CHANGE PART YET
THE CRAFTY OUTLAW LEADER ATTEMPTS A LAST STAND
NOW, GAUCHO- WE SETTLE
ULK!
EVERY TIME WE MEET- YOU UPSET YOURSELF, PUNCHEZ.
WITH [illegible] WE HAVE THE WHOLE BAND- PRESIDENT FRANCIA WILL WELCOME THEM TO THE [illegible] JAILS
GOOD- NOW THE GAUCHO CAN TAKE TO THE HILLS FOR NEW ADVENTURE
ANOTHER THRILLING RED GAUCHO ADVENTURE APPEARS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MASTER COMICS!

Take the ROYAL ROAD TO ADVENTURE



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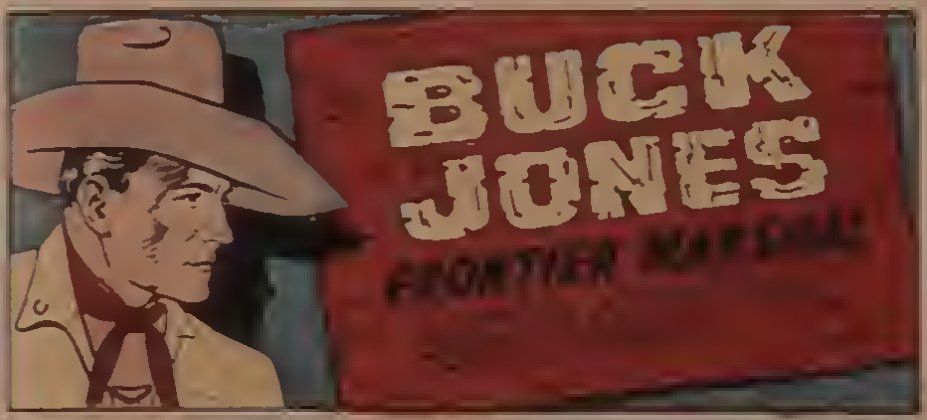
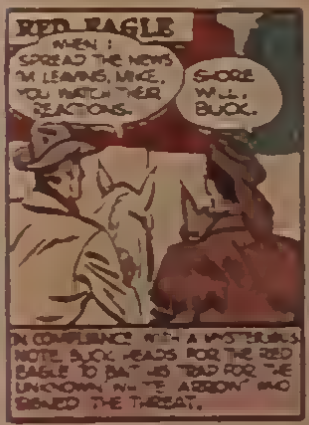

BUCK
JONES


RED EAGLE
WHEN I SPREAD THE NEWS I'M LEAVING, MIKE, YOU WATCH THEIR REACTIONS.
SHORE WILL, BUCK.
IN COMPLIANCE WITH A MYSTERIOUS NOTE, BUCK HEADS FOR THE RED EAGLE TO BAT HIS HEAD FOR THE UNKNOWN WHITE ARROW AND BEARED THE THREAT.

HOWDY MARSHAL? THOUGHT I'D RUN OVER TO SWEETWATER AND GET ME A SADDLE, JAKE.
YOU AIN'T RUNNIN AWAY, DAISIE THINGS ARE GETTIN HOT, AIN'T YA, MARSHAL?
IN THE RED EAGLE SALOON, RICK LUNDY "RUNS" BUCK.

I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MINUTE TO RETRACT THOSE WORDS LUNDY.
I ONLY SAID THOUGH YOU WAS YELLOW

NOW, YOU GET UP AND SHOW YOUR COLOR.
WHY, YOU SNEAKING LAWHOUND!

I EXPECTED YOU WOULD RESORT TO THAT, LUNDY.
I'LL GET YOU FER THIS!

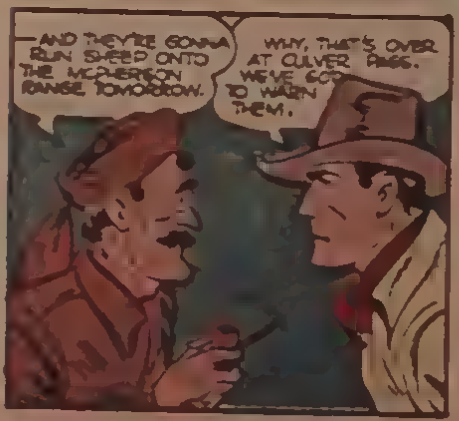
OUTSIDE, HE CONFERS AGAIN WITH HIS DEPUTY, MESQUITE MIKE.

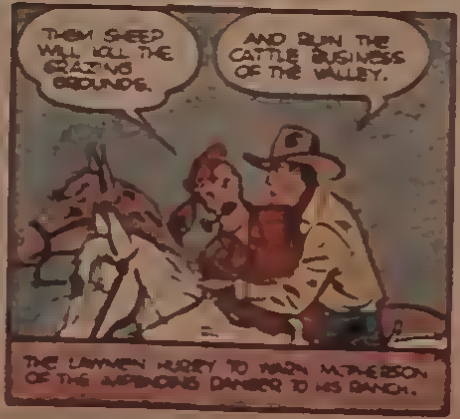
AS MIKE WATCHES ROCK LUNDY ROUNDS UP HIS GANG IN THE SALOON.

AS RICK OUTLINES HIS SCHEME, MIKE LEANS CLOSER.

ROCK LUNDY'S WORDS SIFT THROUGH THE WALL BEHIND WHICH MIKE EAVESDROPS.

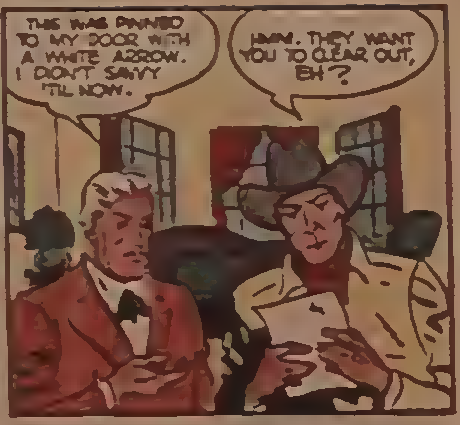
AN HOUR LATER THE DEPUTY RUSHES OUT TO PECOS TOWN TO REPORT LUNDY'S SCHEME TO BUCK.

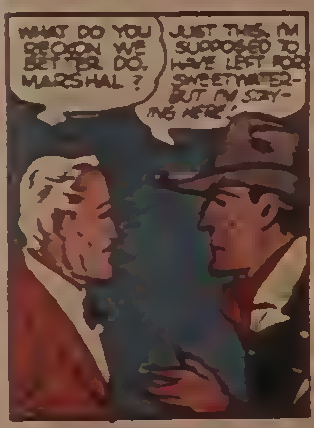


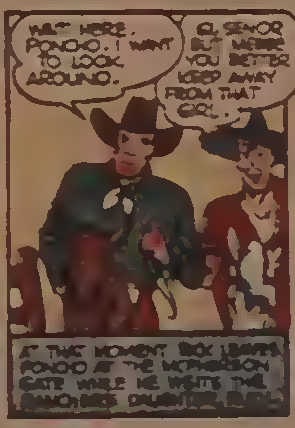


THE LAWMEN HURRY TO WARN MATHERSON OF THE IMPENDING DANGER TO HIS RANCH.

WE CAME TO WARN YOU OF TROUBLE, MR. MCPHERSON.
I'VE ALREADY BEEN WARNED, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS. COME IN.


THIS WAS PINNED TO MY DOOR WITH A WHITE ARROW. I DIDN'T SAVVY 'TIL NOW.
HMM. THEY WANT YOU TO CLEAR OUT, EH?

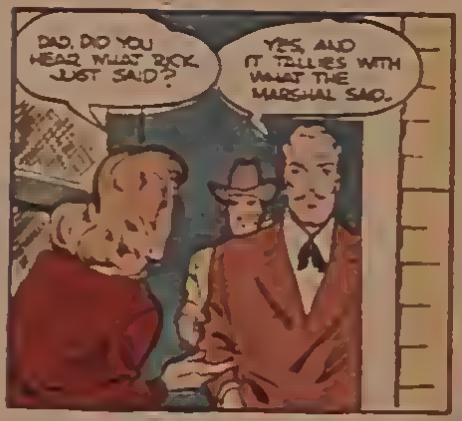

WHAT DO YOU REKOON WE BETTER DO, MARSHAL?
JUST THIS. I'M SUPPOSED TO HAVE LEFT FOR SWEETWATER- BUT I'M STAYIN' HERE!


WAIT HERE, PONCHO. I WANT TO LOOK AROUND.
EL SEÑOR BUT MEBBE YOU BETTER KEEP AWAY FROM THAT GIRL.
AT THAT MOMENT RICK LUNOY RIDES PONCHO AT THE MCPHERSON GATE WHILE HE WRITES THE RANCHERS DEFIANCE

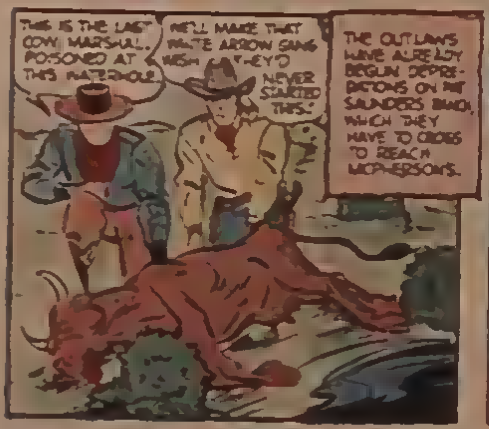
HERE COMES RICK LUNOY. I'VE TOLD HIM TO KEEP AWAY FROM HERE!
KEEP OUT OF SIGHT, MUCE. I'M NOT READY TO DEAL WITH HIM, YET.

WHAT DO YOU WANT THIS TIME RICK?
THOUGHT I'D TRY ONCE MORE TO GET YOU CARIN' FER ME, RUTH.

I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
ALL RIGHT! I JUST WANT TO WARN YA, I HEARD THE SWEETWATER'S MOVIN' HERD HERE, TOMORROW.


DAD, DID YOU HEAR WHAT BUCK JUST SAID?
YES, AND IT TALLIES WITH WHAT THE MARSHAL SAID.

I'LL RIDE OUT OVER MY RANCH AND ROUND UP THE BOYS.
FINE, I'LL RIDE UP AND CHECK WITH PAT SAUNDERS.
GUESS I'LL STAY HERE, BUCK.


THIS IS THE LAST COW MARSHALL POISONED AT THIS WATERHOLE
WE'LL MAKE THAT WHITE ARROW GANG HIGH-HEY? NEVER STARTED THIS!
THE OUTLAWS HAVE ALREADY BEGUN DEPREDATIONS ON PAT SAUNDERS RANCH, WHICH THEY HAVE TO CROSS TO REACH MCPHERSON'S.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, STREAK?
BUCK JONES'S TRAINED HORSE SENSES TROUBLE AND WARNS HIS MASTER.

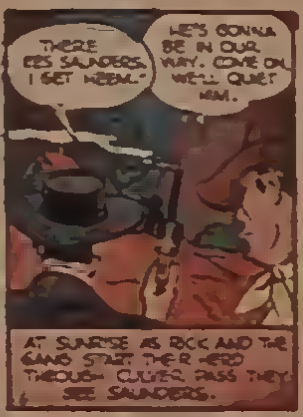
AH, I GET ONE GRINGO.
FROM A RIDGE OVERLOOKING THE RANCH, PONCHO SHOOTS AT THE MARSHAL AND HITS SAUNDERS.

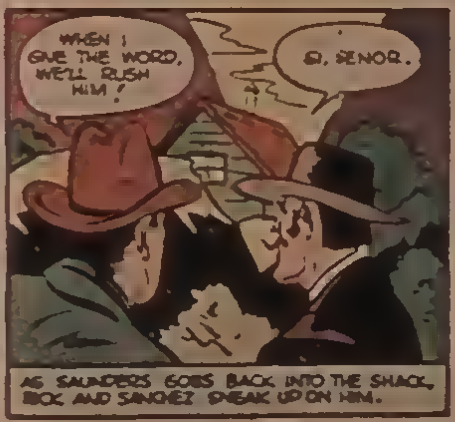
YOU HURT MUCH, SAUNDERS?
ONLY A FLESH WOUND MARSHAL.

THAT'S ONE LESS WE'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH LATER.
MAN, WHAT AN EYE YOU'VE GOT!

WILL YOU BE ALL RIGHT, NOW, PAT?
SURE. I'LL MEET YOU AT THE PASS AT SUNRISE.

MY BOYS ARE ALL READY FOR THEM, MARSHAL.
BETTER GET SOME REST, BOYS, AND BE ARMED AT SUNRISE.


THERE'S SAUNDERS. I GET HIM.
HE'S GONNA BE IN OUR WAY. COME ON, WE'LL QUIET HIM.
AT SUNRISE AS RICK AND THE GANG START THEIR HERD THROUGH CULVER PASS THEY SEE SAUNDERS.

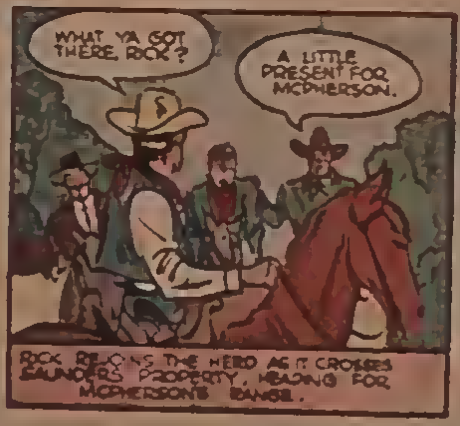

WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, WE'LL RUSH HIM!
SI, SENOR.
AS SAUNDERS GOES BACK INTO THE SHACK, RICK AND SANCHEZ SNEAK UP ON HIM.

MARY, I'VE GOT TO GIT TO MCPHERSONS AND HELP THE BOYS.
YOU MUSTN'T, PAT! THEY'LL KILL YOU!
INSIDE SAUNDERS SHACK HIS WIFE PLEADS WITH HIM.

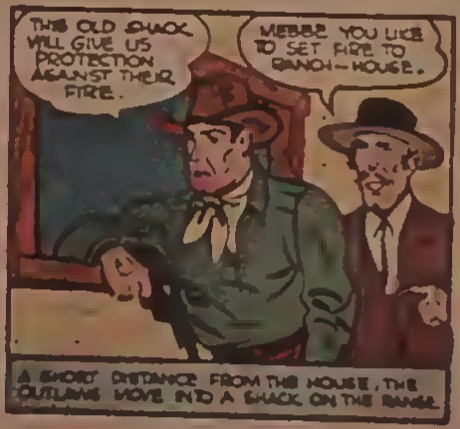
TAKE HIM OUTSIDE, SANCHEZ. WE'LL GIVE THEM RANCHERS SOMETHING THEY WON'T FORGET.
YOU MURDERIN' PRAIRIE RATS

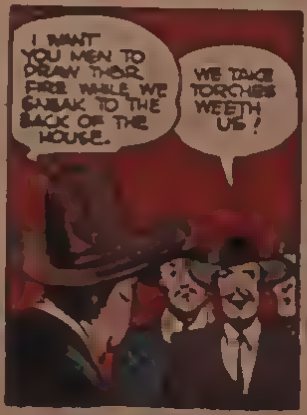
TAKE HIM DOWN, WHILE I GET A ROPE.
SI SENOR. WE MAKE FREIGHT FOR MCPHERSON, EH?
AFTER HANGING SAUNDERS THE BUSHLA OUTLAWS DECIDE UPON MORE

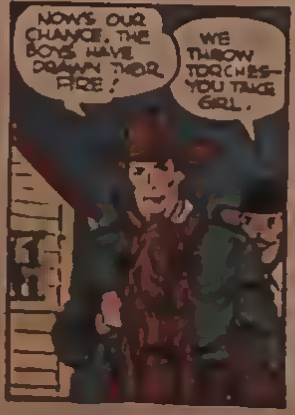
AH, SENOR. THAT WILL BE A GOOD TRICK FOR McPHERSON.
SURE. WE'RE HEADIN' THIS HORSE RIGHT OVER TO THEIR RANCH AS A WARNING.

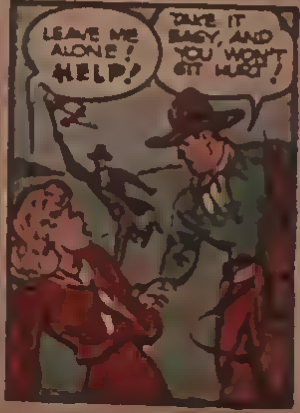

WHAT YA GOT THERE, ROCK?
A LITTLE PRESENT FOR McPHERSON.
ROCK RE-JOINS THE HERD AS IT CROSSES SAUNDERS PROPERTY, HEADING FOR McPHERSON'S RANGE.

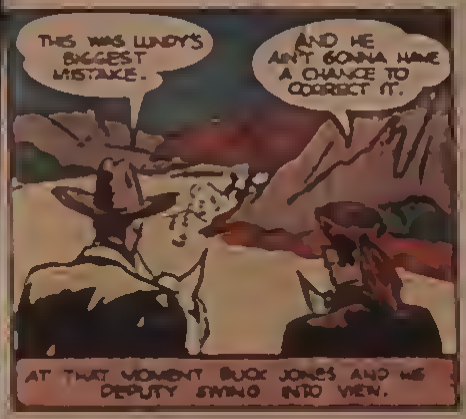
IT'S SAUNDERS! THE LOW-DOWN MURDERIN' SKUNKS.
WHOA, BOY!


THIS OLD SHACK WILL GIVE US PROTECTION AGAINST THEIR FIRE.
MEBBE YOU LIKE TO SET FIRE TO RANCH-HOUSE.
A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE HOUSE, THE OUTLAWS MOVE INTO A SHACK ON THE RANGE.


I WANT YOU MEN TO DRAW THEIR FIRE WHILE WE SNEAK TO THE BACK OF THE HOUSE.
WE TAKE TORCHES WEETH US!


NOW'S OUR CHANCE. THE BOYS HAVE DRAWN THEIR FIRE!
WE THROW TORCHES— YOU TAKE GIRL.

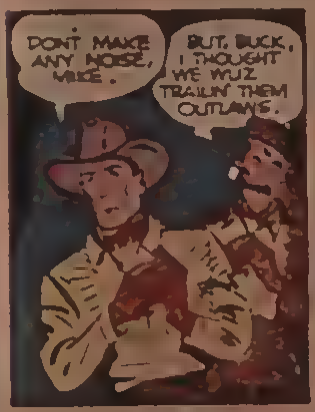

LEAVE ME ALONE! HELP!
TAKE IT EASY, AND YOU WON'T GIT HURT!


THIS WAS LUNDY'S BIGGEST MISTAKE.
AND HE AIN'T GONNA HAVE A CHANCE TO CORRECT IT.
AT THAT MOMENT BUCK JONES AND HIS DEPUTY SWING INTO VIEW.

THIS WAY MIKE! WE'LL HEAD THEM OFF.
THEY GOT A GOOD START, BUCK.

MIKE! LOOK OUT!
WUZ'S HAPPENED?
AS STEFANO'S FEET SANK INTO THE EARTH, HE JERKED TO A SUDDEN STOP.

YA ALL RIGHT, BUCK?
SURE. THIS IS A TUNNEL TO AN OLD MINE. I HAVE AN IDEA. COME ON.

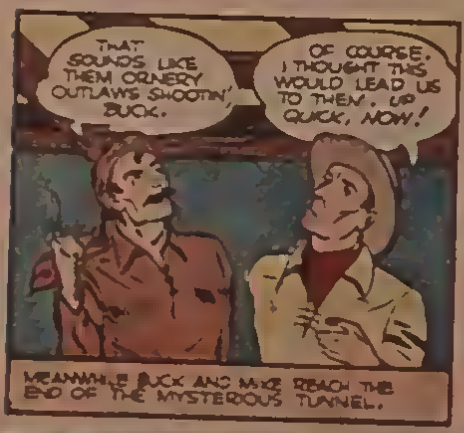

DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE, MIKE.
BUT, BUCK, I THOUGHT WE WUZ TRAILIN' THEM OUTLAWS.

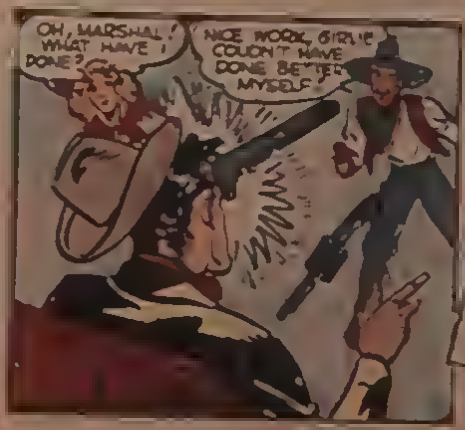
TAKE CARE OF HER, SANCHEZ, WHILE I PLUG A FEW OF THEM RANCHERS.
GLADLY, SEÑOR.... GET ASIDE!
MEANWHILE, THE OUTLAWS REACH THE REAR OF THE ABANDONED SHACK.

THE HOUSE IS BURNING DOWN, BOSS.
WE WON'T NEED IT IF WE DON'T GET THOSE VARMINTS.

WE GOTTA PUT UP THE GIRL TO STOP THEIR FIRE.
YOU MAD? YA CAN'T HAVE HER!
INSIDE THE SHACK, THE OUTLAWS REALIZE THE RANCHERS WILL FIGHT TO A FINISH.

TIE THE BOTH OF 'EM. WE AIN'T LOSING OUR LIVES FOR THEM.
KEEP AWAY FROM THAT GIRL!
HELP!
SANCHEZ FIGHTS FOR RICK BUT BOTH ARE OVERPOWERED.

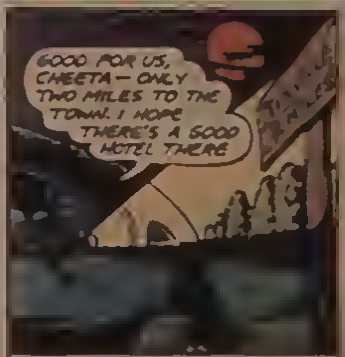

THAT SOUNDS LIKE THEM ORNERY OUTLAWS SHOOTIN', BUCK.
OF COURSE. I THOUGHT THIS WOULD LEAD US TO THEM. UP QUICK, NOW!
MEANWHILE BUCK AND MAVE REACH THE END OF THE MYSTERIOUS TUNNEL.



What will happen to Buck in the midst of these cut-throats? Will Ruth get out alive? Who is the big brains behind the "White Arrow" gang? Follow the thrilling adventures of Buck Jones, Frontier Marshal, in the January issue of Master Comics!

ZORO
MYSTERY MAN

ZORO, A HANDSOME, DASHING FIGURE, IS SURROUNDED BY UNTOLD MYSTERIES. WHO HE IS AND FROM WHERE HE CAME — THERE IS NO ANSWER WITH HIS PET, CHEETA THE MAN OF MYSTERY TRAVELS THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH IN HIS EFFORT TO SMASH CRIME AND EVIL.

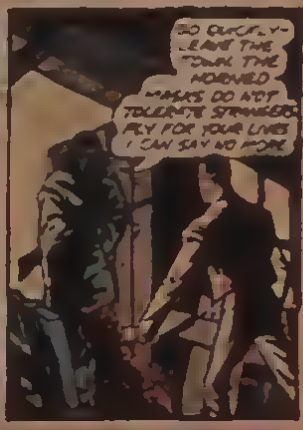


NIGHTFALL FINDS ZORO AND CHEETA ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL TOWN IN THE OZARKS.

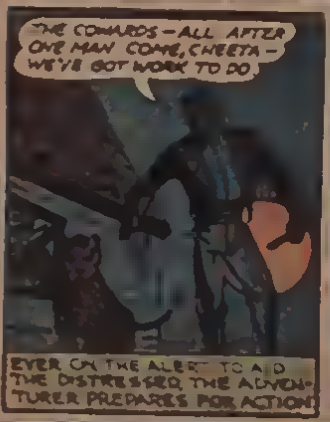
BOLTED DOORS, DRAWN SHADES AND DESERTED STREETS GREET THE MYSTERY MAN AS HE DRIVES THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN TOWN

EVER ANXIOUS TO HELP, ZORO HALTS AT THE NEAREST HOUSE

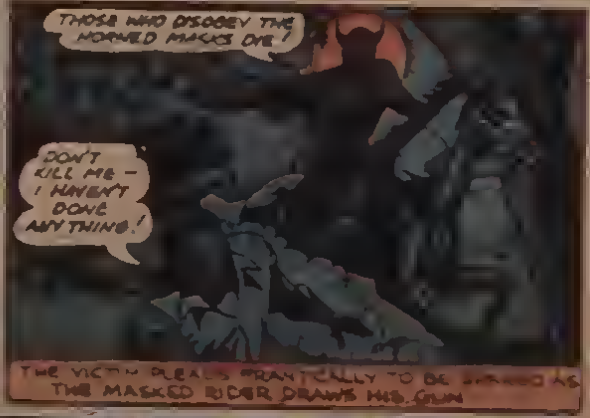
HE RAPS ON THE DOOR, BUT NO RESPONSE.



A LOOK OF FEAR SWEEPS OVER THE WOMAN'S FACE AS SHE LOOKS OVER ZORO'S SHOULDER



EVER ON THE ALERT TO AID THE DISTRESSED, THE ADVENTURER PREPARES FOR ACTION!



THE VICTIM PLEADS FRANTICALLY TO BE SPARED AS THE MASKED RIDER DRAWS HIS GUN

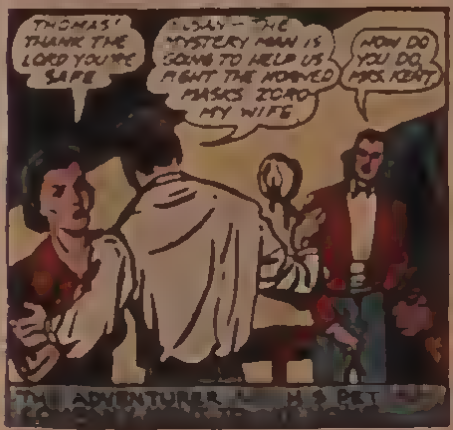
A DARING LEAP AND ZORO HASTENS TO THE RESCUE

A SMASHING BLOW AND THE GUN IS SENT SPINNING OUT OF THE RIDER'S HAND

INTO THE CHARGING MASS LEAPS THE FAITHFUL PET, CAUSING THE RAIDERS TO BREAK IN PANIC

THE HORNED MASKS ARE DISPERSED AND FORCED TO TAKE REFUGE IN THE WOODS

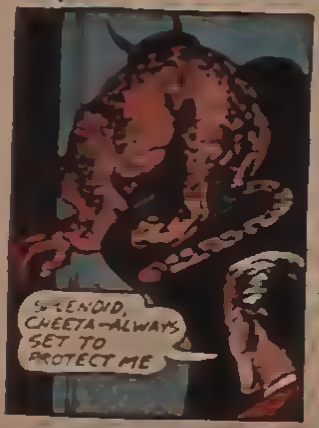
I'M THOMAS KENT BECAUSE I REFUSED TO PAY TRIBUTE TO THEIR MURDEROUS BAND THEY TRIED TO KILL ME ALL CITIZENS OF TRANVILLE, MUST PAY!


THOMAS! THANK THE LORD YOU'RE SAFE
TODAY - THE MYSTERY MAN IS GOING TO HELP US FIGHT THE HORNED MASKS ZORRO MY WIFE
HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. KENT
THE ADVENTURER & HIS PET

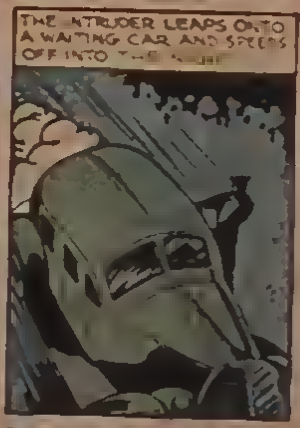
AS LONG AS MY FATHER WAS MAYOR WE FOUGHT THEM - BUT THEY KILLED HIM, THE NEW MAYOR IS TOO FRIGHTENED TO BE ANYTHING
THAT'S NONSENSE. THE AMERICAN LAW PROTECTS ITS CITIZENS THE MAYOR SHOULD CALL FOR TROOPS - WHAT'S THAT?
GAZING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE DOOR, CHEETA SENSES DANGER
GRR-ROWL!

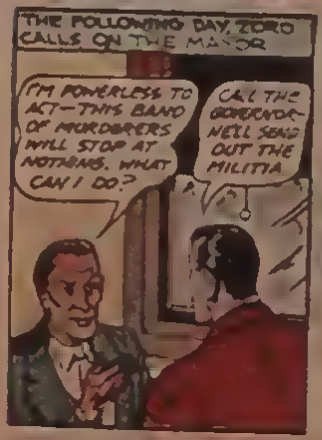
LOOK AT HIM GO—HE'S NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING
MYSTERY MAN—HE SURE FITS THE NAME
IN A FLASH, ZORO SWINGS INTO ACTION!

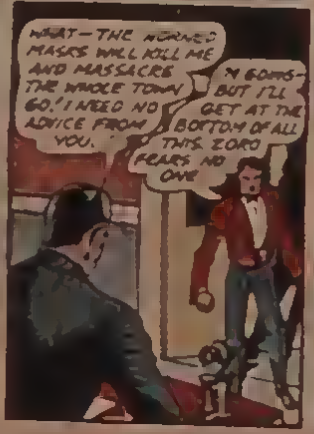
FROM THE DARKENED DOORWAY, A KNIFE IS FLUNG OUT FOR THE MYSTERY MAN!
ZORO—WATCH OUT!

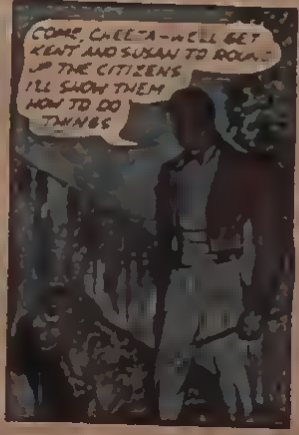

SERENOID, CHEETA—ALWAYS SET TO PROTECT ME

THERE HE GOES—OVER THE FENCE
I'LL GIVE HIM A TASTE OF LEAD


THE INTRUDER LEAPS ONTO A WAITING CAR AND SPEEDS OFF INTO THE NIGHT


THE FOLLOWING DAY, ZORO CALLS ON THE MAYOR
I'M POWERLESS TO ACT—THIS BAND OF MURDERERS WILL STOP AT NOTHING. WHAT CAN I DO?
CALL THE GOVERNOR—HE'LL SEND OUT THE MILITIA


WHAT—THE HOODED MASKS WILL KILL ME AND MASSACRE THE WHOLE TOWN, SO, I NEED NO ADVICE FROM YOU.
H'MPH—BUT I'LL GET AT THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS. ZORO FEARS NO ONE

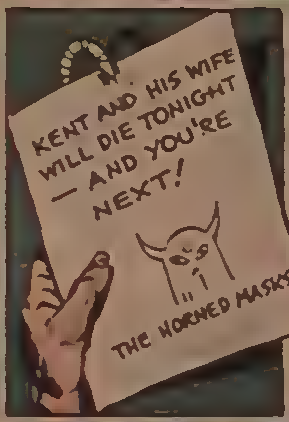

COME, CHEETA—WE'LL GET KENT AND SUSAN TO ROUND UP THE CITIZENS. I'LL SHOW THEM HOW TO DO THINGS

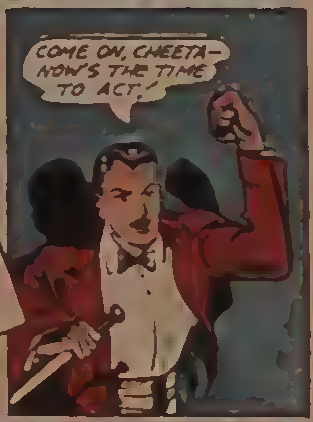
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED HERE—THEY'VE TAKEN OUR FRIENDS
AT KENT'S HOME, A SHOCKED SCENE GREETS THE MYSTERY MAN

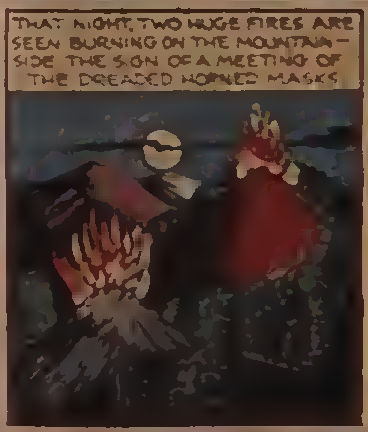
WHAT'S IT, CHEETA?
GR-RR!

HO! HO! SO THAT'S WHAT GOT YOU ANGRY—BUT DON'T WORRY, CHEETA, ZORO'S NOT A DUMMY
OR GLANCING UP, THE MYSTERY MAN SEES AN EFFIGY OF HIMSELF DANGLING FROM THE DOORWAY.

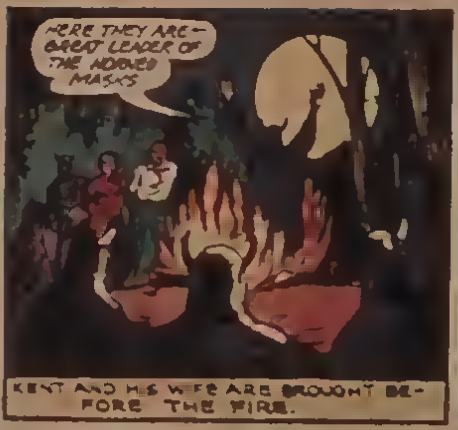
MMMM—SO THEY LEFT A NOTE FOR ME


KENT AND HIS WIFE WILL DIE TONIGHT —AND YOU'RE NEXT!
THE HORNED MASKS

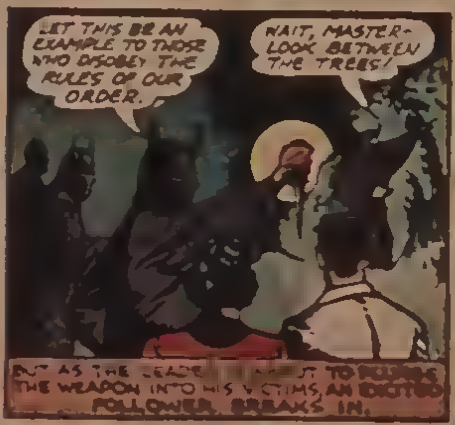

COME ON, CHEETA—NOW'S THE TIME TO ACT!


THAT NIGHT, TWO HUGE FIRES ARE SEEN BURNING ON THE MOUNTAIN—SIDE THE SIGN OF A MEETING OF THE DREADED HORNED MASKS

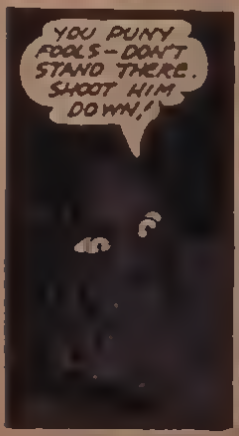
THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE PENALTY FOR THOSE WHO DEFY THE HORNED MASKS—DEATH! BRING FORTH THE PRISONERS
MEANWHILE, ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP, THE LEADER ADDRESSES HIS BAND.

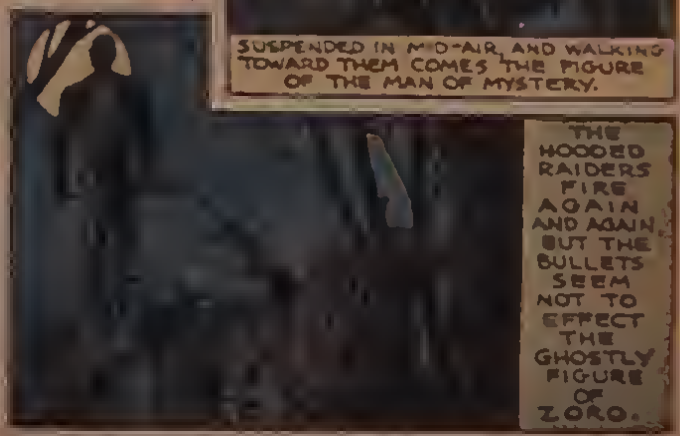

HERE THEY ARE— GREAT LEADER OF THE HOODED MASKS
KENT AND HIS WIFE ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE FIRE.

AH! THE SACRED CEREMONIAL KNIFE— WE CAN BEGIN!

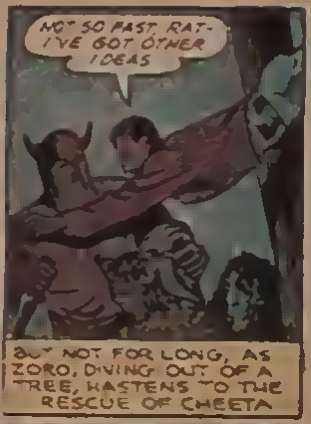

LET THIS BE AN EXAMPLE TO THOSE WHO DISOBEY THE RULES OF OUR ORDER.
WAIT, MASTER— LOOK BETWEEN THE TREES!
BUT AS THE LEADER [illegible] TO KILLING THE WEAPON INTO HIS VICTIMS, AN EXCITED FOLLOWER BREAKS IN.

SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR, AND WALKING TOWARD THEM COMES THE FIGURE OF THE MAN OF MYSTERY.

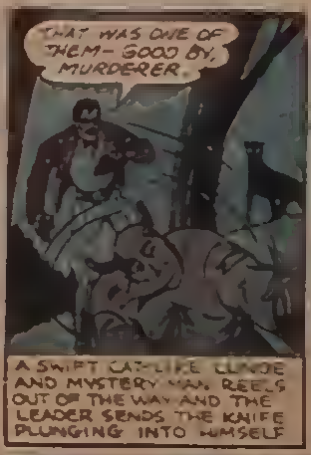

YOU PUNY FOOLS— DON'T STAND THERE. SHOOT HIM DOWN!

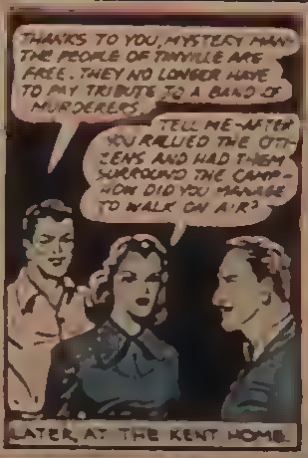

THE HOODED RAIDERS FIRE AGAIN AND AGAIN, BUT THE BULLETS SEEM NOT TO EFFECT THE GHOSTLY FIGURE OF ZORO.

STOP THAT USELESS SHOOTING, YOU FOOLS - THE POWER OF MYSTERY MAN IS TOO GREAT FOR YOU!
STOP, MEN - HE CANNOT HARM YOU. STAY, I'LL PROVE WHO'S MASTER HERE
SEE - THEY DISBAND AND FLEE. CHARGE, MY FAITHFUL FRIENDS - DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY
ON MYSTERY MAN'S COMMAND, A VOLLEY OF GUN FIRE FOLLOWS, AND OUT OF THE WOODS CHARGE THE PEACEFUL CITIZENS WHO EASILY SUBDUE THE TERROR-STRICKEN HORNED MEN.
YOU TWO ARE THE CAUSE OF THIS - I'LL SEE YOU DIE YET
IN THE EXCITEMENT, THE LEADER FINDS AN OPPORTUNE MOMENT TO STRIKE AT THE KENTS
BUT CHESTA IS FAITHFUL TO THE FRIENDS OF MYSTERY MAN AND THWARTS THE KILLER'S PLAN
NOW - I'LL GET RID OF MYSTERY MAN'S PET


NOT SO FAST, RAT-I'VE GOT OTHER IDEAS
BUT NOT FOR LONG, AS ZORO, DIVING OUT OF A TREE, HASTENS TO THE RESCUE OF CHEETA

THIS TIME I'LL STOP HIM FOR SURE!
MYSTERY MAN HAS OTHER TRICKS, FOOL-WATCH-!


THAT WAS ONE OF THEM- GOOD BY, MURDERER.
A SWIFT CAT-LIKE LUNGE AND MYSTERY MAN REELS OUT OF THE WAY AND THE LEADER SENDS THE KNIFE PLUNGING INTO HIMSELF


THANKS TO YOU, MYSTERY MAN THE PEOPLE OF TINYVILLE ARE FREE. THEY NO LONGER HAVE TO PAY TRIBUTE TO A BAND OF MURDERERS.
TELL ME-AFTER YOU RALLIED THE CITIZENS AND HAD THEM SURROUND THE CAMP-HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO WALK ON AIR?
LATER, AT THE KENT HOME.

IT WAS THE EFFIGY OF MYSELF - BY MANIPULATING IT FROM A CORD LIKE A MARIONETTE, I PRODUCED THE DESIRED EFFECT.
ZORO THE MAN OF MYSTERY AND HIS FAITHFUL CHEETA APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MASTER COMICS.

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A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green trimmed in black and silver made of sturdy fibre board now available for only one dollar ($1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This [illegible] gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

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LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the [illegible] method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

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The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying [illegible] built of 3 ply wood bound with a special Duponi Fabric.

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ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear on the Noiseless Deluxe Portable [illegible] 4 row keyboard, back spacer, margin stops and margin release, double shift key, [illegible] color ribbon and automatic reverse, variable line spacer, paper fingers makes as many as seven carbons taken paper 9.5" wide, [illegible] writes 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber [illegible] feet.

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The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

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